LEOPOLD WARNDORF.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

HENRY SUMMERSETT,

AUTHOR OF

THE MAD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, &c. &c. &c.

Imogen. " Why did you throw me from you?
" Think that you are upon a rock, and now
" Throw me again!"
Poſthumus. " Hang there, like fruit, my ſoul,
" Till the tree periſh!"

CYMBELINE.

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LEOPOLD WARNDORF.

THE ſeaſon was come in which many regrets begin to ſteal into the breaſt of man; in which his mind more ſtrongly inclines to whatever is penſive; when an almoſt unconſcious ſadneſs infuſes itſelf in his imagination, and when he often ſighs, ſcarcely knowing the cauſe, and even while his countenance expreſſes neither pain, nor regret, nor anxiety.

It was the departure of the third pleaſant ſeaſon. The verdure of the meadows was gone; the yellow corn, which beautifully waved in the fields, had been cut by the ſickle, and nearly a month conveyed to the ſtack-houſes; the foreſts no longer invited with their freſhneſs; the ſear branches of the trees had ſhed their golden honours, and the leaves were choking up thoſe mazes through which it had recently been delightful to wander. Not a covert remained for the Muſe; not a roſe was there to be found by her, not a flower that could be placed in a garland. The eye ſeemed ſlowly to wander over nakedneſs; and, if it reſted on the fadeleſs holly,

it

it only conjured up the idea of ſtorms and of freezing ſkies: if a branch of yew waved before it, the mind reverted to death and the grave, and to thoſe cold and comfortleſs ſpots of earth, where the hand of gloomy man more generally plants that melancholy tree.

The jaſmine had fallen from the cottage wall, and the ſun no longer gleamed on the window in the evening; the hedge, that fenced it, diſplayed only its thorns, and the brooklet that wound around it, began to be incruſted with ice. Only one bird would carol, and he, like a little intereſted warbler, ſeemed to expect a

reward for his ſong from the hands of the houſewife and her children. There was nothing delightful in the days, and the evenings were thick, damp, and cheerleſs. The village ſports were forgotten, and the flute of poor blind William was no longer heard in the ſeaſon of quiet: the deep murmurings of the wind, the lowing of the ſtalled oxen, and the ruſtlings of the wary partridge among the ſtubble, or the ſtartling noiſe made by the up-ſpringing covey, alone diſturbed the gloomy tranquillity. Every thing appeared to anticipate the ſeaſon of rigour and diſtreſs; gratitude ſurvived not the bleſſings which had paſſed; even the firſt blaſts that were felt

ſeemed

ſeemed to have blown it out of man's ſelfiſh breaſt.

It was on a dull and melancholy night in November, and at an hour ſomewhat late, when Leopold was walking round the village; his muſings made him regardleſs of the coldneſs of the air, and there were neither pleaſure nor happineſs in his heart ſufficient to warm it. That ſpecies of diſcontent which has juſt been alluded to, perhaps had taken poſſeſſion of his boſom. Superior minds, at many periods, are ſubject to common influence, and nature cannot always be reſtrained by habit. Such a lover of retirement as Leopold was,

could but mourn to ſee how greatly the proſpect had changed; the ſtiffened ground told him it would be long before the flowers of the earth would riſe again, and the naked trees informed him that many long and dreary days muſt paſs by before the nightingale would fly from the changing climate afar, to warble and repoſe among their freſh leaves and branches. The ſpring that was next to come would, doubtleſs, produce many a charm, and the enſuing ſummer might be as bounteous and delightful as that which had gone by. The few ſolitary ſheep would bring forth their playful lambs; the rough waters of the river would calmly flow between

the

the flowery banks and among the oſiers, and the ſweets of May be liberally diffuſed.

"But where ſhall I be then?" ſaid Leopold, "where ſhall I be then?"

It was not an unoppreſſive ſigh that accompanied theſe words, which, being ſpoken, he ſeemed to fold his arms mechanically, and as he walked on, his eyes were ſeldom raiſed from the ground.

His reverie was at length broken by his arriving at a ſtile which divided one of the meadows from the church-yard; he laid his cold hands

upon the upper rail, and ſlowly climbed over it: but he went not forward for ſeveral minutes, and his head dropped low upon his breaſt. Still the wind bluſtered, but he heeded it not; and though the fog was ſucceeded by a thick drizzling ſhower, which was penetrating his clothes, yet they ſeemed not to him uncomfortable. The moon was full, but inviſible; and by the melancholy light which broke through the ſtarleſs heavens, he afterwards ſtalked over the graves till he came to the weſt angle of the church.

"This has long been thy ſanctuary, mother!" he cried. "This has lately become

become thy reſting-place, father!— Is it ignorant to weep for thoſe who are for ever wreſted from us? I cannot think it ſo. The common and inevitable circumſtance for which thouſands daily mourn, I will not have the vanity to think myſelf ſuperior to. They have leaſt philoſophy who the moſt vaunt of it; and I neither am nor would preſume to be above the general weakneſſes of human nature. Cleave, ſpirit of my mother, to him who has lately met thee in the world of bliſs! Take him to thy boſom for the bounties which he has beſtowed upon thy unfortunate ſon! Were he to be reſtored to me again, and again to live an age equal to that

which he had firſt attained, my gratitude and tenderneſs would not periſh even at the end of the ſecond ſtate of exiſtence. I have had few to love me ſince my birth; of friends not many; of relations none; and in the preſent hour, if I could derive aught of good from human conſolation, who is he that would willingly offer it? My memory, dear father, from thy precepts ſhall not ſtray; and while I bear myſelf according to thy directions and examples, I ſhall fondly think thy mild and approving ſpirit loves, and is permitted to aſſociate with me. How weak is that man who, believing in the viſitations of the dead, quakes at the idea of a re-appearance!

re-appearance! His fear muſt ariſe from a foul imagination, and be occaſioned by the abſurdity of legends, rather than by the ſmalleſt degree of evidence. I have ſeen my relation, or my friend convulſed, laid ſtiff and cold in his ſhroud, and afterwards conſigned to the boſom of the earth; ſtill I admit that he may come again, and believe that at any hour or ſeaſon he may ſtand before me. But how? In what form?—As a horrid phantom, as a meagre ſkeleton, or as a corrupt and bloated corſe? Contemptible and abſurd!—No; in no other form than that of an angel, for has he not become ſuch?—with the placid looks, the ſoothing ſmiles which,

in life, he was wont to wear; ſo muſt I view him, or ſee him not at all.—What madman firſt taught that the pure ſpirit, having paſſed the body, would, merely to abuſe the world, reſume it in a vile, corrupted, or mutilated ſtate?—Ye whom this earth covers, to whom I owe my being and my preſervation—ah! if permitted, ſometimes deign to appear before the eyes of your Leopold; meet him at the hour of midnight; he will be confident of your love and protection, and not weakly ſhrink from you."

He ſtood ruminating on the ſame ſpot almoſt till the firſt hour of morning,

ing, when he returned to his home. An old woman, who had lived with the Rector upwards of thirty years, opened the door for him; she had been terrified by his absence, and seeing him wet and pale, she took hold of him with her palsied hand, and drew him near to the fire.

"Bless me!" she cried, "how could you frighten me so? Dear Leopold, I have had a thousand fears for you; my heart has been quite sick with them. I have been looking out at the door and at the window, but the night is so thick, and the wind so sharp—ah! I was afraid that you had fallen into the river.—

How

How late the hour is! And you are wet and cold as the dead, and your cheeks are pale. Dear child, where have you been?"

"To the grave of my father!"

"Oh maſter! Oh my poor maſter!"

"Ah, let me not diſtreſs you, good old woman, by my ſorrows; I have been to blame in diſturbing your reſt."

"Sleep, child, is not ſo ſweet to me as it has been."

"But

"But it will be hereafter, Gertrude."

"Yes, when I ſleep like the Rector: he ſleeps ſoundly, ſweetly; and my long night of peace is nearly come. But, Leopold, we were of an equal age, both born on one day. We have been like two old trees in the foreſt; and I always prayed that the axe of Death would fell us both at one hour. Still I muſt remain withering a little longer."

"Good Gertrude!" cried Leopold, "you are a ſorry nurſe to the melancholy. Good night! and for my impropriety in keeping you from your bed

bed ſo long, do not riſe early in the morning."

"Good night, God bleſs you, Sir! God bleſs you, child!"

Leopold immediately went to his chamber, and ſoon after to bed; but he lay thinking on recent events almoſt till the appearance of day. By the will of the Rector, who had no kindred, a ſmall annuity was left to the faithful Gertrude; a yearly donation directed towards the indigent pariſhioners; and the remainder of his fortune was, in terms of tenderneſs, bequeathed to Leopold.

Two months before his deceaſe he had been ſpeechleſs; but every neceſſary arrangement in his laſt concerns had been made before that period. He had often previouſly talked of his diſſolution to Leopold, telling him what he was to expect, and adviſing him on his future manner of living; however, when the powers of ſpeech failed him, he made it known to his favourite that he had ſomething further to propoſe, and ſomething to withdraw. He began to write on the ſubject, and employed himſelf two mornings in his ſtudy; when he delivered a ſealed packet into the hands of Leopold, on which was written—"When I am buried, peruſe

theſe

theſe papers. Dear boy, I will not any more lead your thoughts towards death."

His voice had failed about a week before the arrival of Count Stendal in the village; and Leopold had never made him acquainted with the interview which had taken place between him and the friend of his parent, fearing that the agitation it would occaſion might be too ſevere for his feeble frame, and alſo that, if he were to know of it, he would adviſe a reconciliation with the father, which the wounded ſon could not bring himſelf to agree to. He died, therefore, unknowing of the circumſtance; and the

the youth thought that, in ſuffering him to do ſo, he had ſaved the old man's heart many a pang.

The grave had been cloſed nearly a week before Leopold broke the ſeal of the packet; on the morning following the viſitation in the church-yard, he took up the paper, with the intention of learning its contents: but he gazed on it ſome minutes motionleſs, and in ſilence, and afterwards laid it down ſeveral times unperuſed and unopened.

Gertrude brought in his breakfaſt, and obſerving the melancholy of his face, affectionately aſked him how he did,

did, and expreſſed a doubt of his being well. This rouſed him. He replied, with a thankful ſmile, that he was not ill: and as ſoon as ſhe had withdrawn, he put aſide his morning repaſt, and unſealed the letter of his benefactor, the tenor of which he found as underwritten.

"Though my God has deprived me of the powers of ſpeech, yet not an atom of my love and reverence for him has been cruſhed. Viſited as I am by affliction, I ſhould be an ingrate to murmur; and if an eternal ſilence be impoſed on my tongue, I have faculties and means ſtill remaining to ſhew my Leopold my mind,

and

and alſo to hear the ſentiments, and peruſe the characters of his own. How idle, wicked, and preſumptuous therefore would it be for me to ſay, either in bitterneſs or in grief, the bleſſings of the Almighty are not with me! and how unjuſt is he who could ſay ſo, while he can raiſe his eyes to the glories of Omnipotence, and while he can feel the breath of heaven!

"I have lived a long and a happy age; have ſurvived every companion of my youth; have marked the growth of foreſts, and even the mouldering of turrets, which were ſtrong in my ſpring-days. Shall I mourn that I muſt moulder likewiſe? Shall I ſigh

I ſigh that I cannot take on me immortality without going into the grave? and ſhall I now repine, that to this feeble and common frame Nature did not give the faculties and durable nerves of a giant?

"How long a man ſhould live he ought not to determine: death is an affair which reſts alone with God; therefore if the toothleſs infant falls lifeleſs from its mother's breaſt, the parent ſhould not dare to ſpeak of injuſtice; or if the mortal, in the bloom of life, ſinks into a ſleep, and never thereafter awake, let neither his widow nor his children over his grave exclaim againſt the decree of that great

great Power, who cannot act unwiſely.

"Think, Leopold, as I do; and when I am gone, your too gentle and ſuſceptible heart will be nobly fortified; you will look tenderly and with a degree of calmneſs on my tomb; your hand will be chilled by the ſtone, but your breaſt will ſtill glow with love for him who reſts beneath your feet. Philoſophy lies not in apathy, nor true affection in exceſſive grief. He who knows the full force of the paſſions, yet checks them before they engender a tempeſt, has the beſt claim to the title of a philoſopher. Reaſon will allow us to

feel

feel cutely and very ſenſibly; he who feels more, generally ſpends all his ſympathies in an early ſeaſon, and ſcarcely leaves a mild regret for the future.

"I have often ſpoken of the manner in which I wiſhed you to bear yourſelf when I ſhall be incapable of adviſing; and you know I had recommended you to ſpend your days in rural quiet; to farm ſome lands in the village in which you have paſſed ſo many happy days; to aſſociate with the reſpectable; to encourage and ſupport the poor; to think no man too mean for your notice, provided he is accredited for honeſty; and, finally,

finally, dear Leopold, to take ſome gentle maiden whom the follies of the world have not tainted, and on her boſom, and in the ſociety of herſelf, and of the children ſhe ſhould bring you, to participate the delights of love, and the ſweets of contentment.

"Thus have I adviſed, and you have approved; but, for ſome few nights paſt, pain keeping me awake, I have thought differently on this ſubject. You have talents, my boy, you have genius, an honourable mind, a virtuous heart; and your ready acquieſcence to whatever I have propoſed, convinces me that, having paſſed your word to abide by my

directions, you would be loth to retract when I am for ever deprived of the power of either applauding or disapproving of the means you feel inclined to adopt.

"Affection towards me may alone have made you happy in the monotonous life you have hitherto passed; but when we are separated, to wander no more in the forest, no more to converse with each other, no more to exchange the name of father and of son, then perhaps you may wish to seek for other friends, and in the world to view those things, and to observe the fluctuating occurrences, of which, at present, you have little more

more than read. It is natural that your inclination ſhould thus direct you; and I now think it proper that you ſhould go into ſociety. But entertain no fallacious hopes: if you have a fault deſerving of correction, it is that of a too warm, a too poetical imagination;—this, however, will be cured in an early ſeaſon, for you will ſee the manifeſt imperfectibility of human nature, the prevalence of vice, the extent of oppreſſion, and the abſurdities and errors of many national as well as individual cuſtoms.

"Now, as I would ſave you from all vexation and regret, I releaſe you from your engagement, leaving you

the free maſter of your perſon, and of the little property which will come to you; but, at the ſame time offering another plan in the place of that which I think it juſt and proper to withdraw.

"You know Mr. Krotztien, at Vienna—at leaſt you ſaw him once in this houſe; and from his converſation I will leave you to infer whether I may not preſume to ſay that he is my friend. He is a man of fortune and of power, has acceſs to the Cabinet, conſiderable influence with the Court and Miniſtry, and is eſteemed, as you muſt have heard, a very able and diſcriminating ſtateſman. Twenty

years

years ago I was assured that his understanding was not more noble than his heart was good, or his disposition excellent; since that period I have seen little of him, and what he is now I will not attempt to determine. I dare not affirm that he is upright and worthy because at a far distant time I knew him to be so. With this paper, however, you will find a letter addressed to him, which I would have you personally deliver; and you must conclude, from this information, that you are the principal subject of it.

"I have commended you to his protection: if he is willing to allow it, you will receive it with respect; but

if he is uncourteous, let the ſmall independence which you will poſſeſs, teach you to meet the repulſe with an unbroken ſpirit. Should you be encouraged, and placed by him in an honourable office, your advantages will be many and agreeable; on the contrary, ſhould you miſs the ſmile of the courtier, haſten back to this peaceful hamlet, and take on you that character which your poor old friend firſt wiſhed you to aſſume."

The paper alſo recommended an early delivery of the letter, and contained ſome directions concerning the beſt manner of collecting, and afterwards of applying his property, together

ther with many tender and affecting paſſages, relating to the ſeparation that was about to take place between them.

Leopold ſat muſing over the letter of his friend a long time; it gave a new turn to his thoughts, and he determined on obeying the commands, or rather complying with the wiſhes of the Rector. He doubted not but that the letter which he was to take to Vienna, was written in a proper ſtyle; that it contained not a ſingle ſervile phraſe, and believed that he who was to preſent it, and to whom it immediately related, could not be

embarraſſed by its contents, whatever they might be.

"It is probable," he ſaid, "that I ſhall move in a ſphere which I have never thought of entering. My dear friend has always over-rated my abilities, yet I think I have the power of being uſeful in many ſituations which are not of the common order. If I meet with a patron, what an excellent chance I ſhall have of trying the gifts of Nature! I can be arduous in what is noble, and indefatigable in what is honeſt; at leaſt ſo I venture in my preſent ſtate of ignorance to determine. Ha!—My father!—A man of rank—probably connected with the Court,

Court, and with the Miniſters—I may ſee him, may hear him ſpeak—may, in the courſe of employment, be deputed to converſe with him!—Why did I refuſe to hear his name?—I will write to Count Stendal."

He pauſed long and deeply.

"No, I will never, never know him!" he exclaimed.

The door was opened, but he noticed it not. Gertrude came up to him, but he did not perceive her;—ſhe ſpoke—he however did not hear her.

"No, I will never, never know him!" he repeated, ſtill more vehemently.

"Sir—Mr. Leopold—did you ſpeak to me?"

"Gertrude!—No. I was ſaying—indeed I ſaw you not."

"Have you made your breakfaſt, Sir? Shall I take away the things?"

"Yes, if you pleaſe, Gertrude, if you pleaſe."

"Good lack! Why you have neither drank nor eaten! Every

thing remains untouched, and the fire is gone out! Bleſs me, child, how you alarm me! Forſake your bed, neglect your food, and look ſo pale and ſtrangely! I fear you are going the ways of my maſter. I nurſed you in your infancy—ah, God! theſe withered hands may yet place the pall over your coffin!"

"My good friend, you diſtreſs me; you afflict yourſelf without cauſe."

"Your illneſs and your melancholy are the cauſe: I have felt ſorrow in ſeeing a flower which had bloomed a long ſeaſon, thrown on the

earth; but if the bud that is now opening ſhould periſh ——"

"It will not, Gertrude; it will ſurvive the preſent ſtorm, and you will hereafter ſee it ſmile and proſper."

"Well, that is as you ſhould ſpeak, that is as you ſhould look too. I had once a ſon, Mr. Leopold, who arrived at the age of man; but he was wild and untender, and never half ſo kind to me as you have been. He is, however, dead, and God, I hope, has admitted his ſoul into paradiſe: ſtill he was never ſo good to me as you have been!"

Gertrude

Gertrude preſſed his hand tenderly, and he heſitated not in yielding to the impulſe that directed his breaſt to meet that affectionate woman. A fine lady might have ſpoken more gracefully, but every poſſible elegance muſt have been leſs forcible than the ſimplicity of the matron, with whom Leopold retired to another room, in order to take that refreſhment which he had before neglected.

In obedience to the directions of his benefactor, he immediately began to employ himſelf in the arrangement of his affairs; and in the courſe of a fortnight, with the aſſiſtance of a lawyer, he had converted the deviſed

property into money, which he tranſmitted to the Bank at Vienna. Of his intentions he made no one perſon acquainted; for if they failed, his deſign was to return at the commencement of the Spring, if not ſooner, and to ſeek for happineſs and peace in ſcenes which were congenial to him. That it was highly probable he ſhould do ſo, he informed the ſurpriſed Gertrude, whoſe concern for his propoſed departure was diſtreſſing to herſelf, and alſo to him; and who, on the evening he bade her farewel, kiſſed a cheek which ſhe was perſuaded ſhe ſhould never ſee thereafter.

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The following morning he began his journey. He was riſen ſoon after the appearance of daylight, and his neceſſaries had been forwarded to the next poſt-town, to which, being only a league or two diſtant, he intended to walk. The air was keen, but healthful. Wrapping his coat around him, and putting himſelf into a quick motion, he ſoon acquired a comfortable warmth, and reached the brow of a hill which led to the highway, and on which he ſtopped, and turned towards the paths he had left behind him.

The whole hamlet lay before his eye, which could have numbered every well-

well-known houſe and hut; he ſaw the manſion that he had juſt quitted, the cottage to which poor Gertrude was about to retire, and the church in which the prayers for the dead had paſſed over the body of his mother and of his friend; he looked ſtill more minutely, and even diſtinguiſhed the grave in which they both repoſed:—a deep ſigh followed his long gaze.

"Farewel, dear and precious objects, farewel! Pure and innocent you are, and in purity and innocence I truſt I leave you. Adieu!"

He

He then climbed a ſtile that ſeparated the paſture and the open road; and as he went forward, the word "Adieu!" frequently paſſed from him, and his eye was neither dry nor joyous. Thoſe who are habituated to city crowds, and have been bred in them, cannot feel any of the regrets of Leopold; but thoſe who have been more nearly allied to Nature, and have alternately muſed in her bowers, and frolicked on her lawns, may have felt emotions ſimilar to thoſe which were in his heart.

The morning after his arrival at Vienna he took the letter of the Rector from one of his boxes, intending

tending to deliver it to the perſon to whom it was addreſſed after he had eaten his breakfaſt. Whilſt he looked at it, he began to feel ſome embarraſſment; but his confidence ſoon returned, and all was quiet again within his breaſt.

About noon he was at the door of Mr. Krotztien, but, on enquiring for him, he learned that that gentleman was out of town, and that he would not return for a fortnight. This was a diſappointment to Leopold; but telling the ſervant he would call again on his maſter's return, he walked about the city, which was entirely new to him, and which, till he could obtain

obtain an interview with Mr. Krotztien, he wiſhed to examine minutely.

The expence and inconvenience of living at an inn he ſoon diſcovered, and he immediately hired two ſmall apartments in a houſe that ſtood in the ſuburbs, which he preferred to the narrow, noiſy, and dirty ſtreets of the town. In noticing the buildings of Vienna, inſpecting the various occupations of thoſe who reſided there, obſerving the characters that in quick ſucceſſion met his eye, and partaking ſome few of the more general amuſements, the time paſſed away till he found Mr. Krotztien was returned from the country. A moſt ſplendid carriage

carriage and retinue went from the door juſt as Leopold arrived there; and he found, on enquiry, that it belonged to the former friend of the Rector, who was then going to Court, and who could not be ſpoken to by any perſon during the remainder of the day. The gold and ſilver trappings were not regarded by him as favourable to his purpoſe; the glittering lace of the lacquies ſeemed to repulſe his plain inſignificance, and he walked away with no ſtrong hopes in his heart.

At the time mentioned by the porter as that in which his maſter was to be ſeen, Leopold preſented himſelf again; and,

and, after an impatient delay, was conducted to Mr. Krotztien, to whom he advanced with reſpect, and with ſome ſlight confuſion,

"Your name, Sir," ſaid the ſenator, "ſounds not familiarly to me: your buſineſs, pleaſe to communicate it."

"I was commanded, Sir," replied Leopold, "I was commanded, Sir, by the Rector of N——, to deliver this letter to you."

He preſented it, bowed, and retired a few paces.

"The

"The Rector of N——?—Oh, I remember. He is well, I hope?"

"Yes, Sir," ſaid Leopold emphatically, "he is *well.*"

"How, is he dead? Your dreſs, your manner—is he dead?"

"I mourn to ſay it, Sir; he is dead!"

"I am very ſorry for it," ſaid Mr. Krotztien.

Theſe words conveyed a direct untruth to the ears of Leopold; they formed a common ſentence, were ſpoken in a common tone of voice, and ſeemed to have been produced by habit rather than by feeling. He

was

was requeſted to take a ſeat. The ſtateſman broke the ſeal, and was ſo little diſcompoſed, that he previouſly examined the armorial impreſſion; it is true that he took a ſufficient time in reading it, but from the firſt line to the laſt his features neither contracted nor relaxed; and the reperuſal of a manifeſto, which he had dictated to his ſecretary, would have created an equal degree of intereſt.

"This letter, Mr. Warndorf," he ſaid, putting it aſide careleſsly, "has created a great deal of concern, a great deal I aſſure you. I formerly knew the writer very well; he was a very good ſort of a man."

"He

"He was a very excellent man!" cried Leopold with energy.

"True, a very excellent man, I am willing to confeſs. As a divine, he was—he was ——"

"Learned and pious; and ſuch a ſervant to God as the maſter muſt have approved."

"A remark ſimilar to your own, young gentleman, I was going to make; and I am aſſured that in his private character, as it is called, he never failed to—to—"

"He

"He never failed, Sir, to diſplay, on every proper occaſion, the qualities of honeſty, of friendſhip, of affection, and of benevolence."

"I can believe it; and the manner in which you ſpeak of him evinces your gratitude: it is a commendable trait in your character, young man; for he tells me in this letter that you are merely his adopted ſon."

Convinced that the word "merely" ſtood not in the epiſtle of his dear deceaſed benefactor, Leopold, though he felt the indelicacy of the introduction of it, anſwered—

"I was ſuch as you mention."

"He alſo tells me," ſaid Mr. Krotztien, "that you have been well educated, that he thinks you would appear to advantage in ſome public employment, and that you would not diſhonour your patron, provided one could be found for you. He had great confidence: pray what can you ſay to all this?"

"Simply thus, Sir," replied Leopold, with a riſing ſpirit, "that his confidence was generous, noble, and ſhall never be abuſed. That I hope I ſhall never diſhonour my employer, however honourable he himſelf may be."

"Indeed,"

"Indeed," ſaid Mr. Krotztien, "you have a very ready underſtanding, quick comprehenſion—very energetic I proteſt. It is, no doubt, unneceſſary to inform you that my old friend, the Rector, has ſtrongly recommended you to me; and I do aſſure you that it would give me more than a common pleaſure to be of any eſſential ſervice to you."

"Sir, I ſincerely thank you."

"But you come to me in a moſt unlucky ſeaſon; for the influence which I once poſſeſſed is conſiderably diminiſhed. Some political circumſtances, ſome diſunion in ſentiment—you

comprehend ?—I am inexpreſſibly concerned that you ſhould apply to me in ſuch an inopportune moment. It was only yeſterday that I entered the names of two young men of family, but of reduced fortune, on my liſt; and it may be a long time before my means will come up to my wiſhes, even in regard to them."—

"Untutored as I am," thought Leopold, "I am capable of reading this modern volume."—

"It appears then, Sir," he cried, "that I cannot reaſonably form any expectations of ſucceſs. I am obliged to you for your candour, and ſhall conſole

conſole myſelf with the moderate independence which I can yet enjoy in a limited ſociety."

"Independence!—Indeed—I am very glad of it. But be not too haſty in your concluſions, for I again declare myſelf your willing friend. There are many fluctuations in theſe things, but no regular tides. You poſitively ſhall ſtand my third chance, and I will paſs your name among my very beſt friends."

His warmth ſeemed to increaſe, but ſo did not Leopold's belief in him: he deſired the young man to call on him in the courſe of three or

four days, and condeſcended to walk to the door with him when he retired.

"Were I aſſured," ſaid Leopold to himſelf on his return home, "that this being correſponded with the generality of ſtateſmen, I ſhould no longer wonder at the oppreſſions heaped on nations, or at the frequency of wars and maſſacres; for I could almoſt fancy that Cunning actually begat him upon the boſom of Apathy. When he ſpoke of the man whom he called his friend, how cold, how inſenſible! A Laplander would have looked more feelingly, and expreſſed himſelf more warmly. This man is changed, my dear benefactor, if he ever

ever did poſſeſs thoſe qualities which you ſpoke of. I will try, but not depend on, his friendſhip."

Leopold, on his entrance, had thrown himſelf into a chair, without ſhutting the door of his apartment; and he roſe for the purpoſe of doing it, when a perſon, who came from a room above, paſſed haſtily by, but ſo cloſe to him as to bruſh againſt his hand. Without deſigning it, he threw his eyes upon the face of the ſtranger, and ſaw in it youth, female lovelineſs, and dejection; and though his view were ſo tranſient, he perceived the bluſh of innocent confuſion ſpreading upon her cheeks. In the

afternoon of the ſame day he again met the young ſtranger on the ſtaircaſe; he looked earneſtly at her, but perceiving that ſhe was embarraſſed by his notice, he accommodated her in paſſing, and reſpectfully took off his hat—a mark of politeneſs which ſhe returned with a ſweetneſs that went to his heart.

Her face was nearly half concealed; ſtill much lovelineſs was viſible. In one hand ſhe carried a bottle, and in the other a ſmall loaf of bread; and ſhe went up the ſtairs as if ſhe were afraid of diſturbing ſome perſon who was either ill or ſleeping. So Leopold thought, and her extreme caution

tion made her appear ſtill more amiable. She employed his mind much during the day, and on his return at night he enquired of the ſervant whether the young lady he had met belonged to her miſtreſs's family. The girl informed him that the perſon of whom he ſpoke was a new lodger, who was living on the floor above with her mother, and that they had not been there above a week, but long enough to make her miſtreſs repent of taking them in, as the ſickneſs of the elder, and their manner of living, proved that their circumſtances were very low and mean.

"Let your miſtreſs fear nothing," cried Leopold; "let her treat the mother and daughter with reſpect; I will be reſponſible for whatever debt they may contract."

"Do you know them, Sir?" ſaid the girl; "have you ſeen them?"

"I have ſeen only the daughter, whoſe lovelineſs ——"

"Ah ha!" cried the ſervant, "I gueſs at it. The young lady, Sir, is indeed very beautiful, but I would lay my life you will never ſucceed in your deſigns. I am convinced, by her

her goodneſs, and by what I overheard this morning, that you will not."

"I have no deſigns," cried Leopold, "only ſuch as an honeſt man ſhould have. But what did you overhear this morning?"

"A melancholy ſigh from her apartment, ſo long and deep, that it ſeemed to roll through my ſoul."

"You felt as you ought," ſaid Leopold, affected; "go on."

"I ſtopped.——'Support us, God of Heaven! forſake us not, I implore thee. If death ſhould chill this boſom, let me die on it before it ſhall

be wholly cold!'—Theſe words followed the moan that I had heard. I looked through the key-hole; the daughter had thrown herſelf, and was locked in the arms of her mother!"

Leopold turned from the girl, and by pretending to want ſomething, he ſent her out of the room. His emotions could no longer be checked; and had he not affected to cough, he muſt have ſobbed aloud. This ſenſibility may be deemed unfitting a man; but Nature, not Leopold, was amenable for the fault, if ſuch any one ſhall preſume to call it."

On the two following days he ſaw nothing of the intereſting young creature, and he forbore to aſk any further queſtions either of his landlady or her ſervant. On the third morning he thought it proper to wait upon Mr. Krotztien, and he accordingly went to his houſe at the ſame hour that he had viſited him before. It was with no great concern that he heard the ſtateſman was then going out, though there were other men waiting in the hall, whoſe buſineſs, he conceived, to be ſimilar to his own, who received the intelligence with impatience and chagrin.

Mr.

Mr. Krotztien was then coming from the anti-room, and was paſſing the hall while Leopold took the anſwer of the ſervant. The man of power ſmiled, and bowed, as he walked along—

"Your moſt obedient, gentlemen; I am glad to ſee you—particular engagement—ſome other time if you will be pleaſed to call—good morning to you!"

This jargon was indiſcriminately directed. Some of thoſe who had before been frowning, were actually flattered by this mock condeſcenſion; but Leopold laughed behind his hat at

at their credulity, and his former opinion ſeemed more ſtrongly corroborated.

"Can any man be ſo ſpiritleſs, ſo degraded," he cried, after he had left the portico, "as to continue, for any great length of time, this ſervile attendance? Can he be blind to the contempt that is directed towards him? Even the ſervants of the deſpiſer draw up their lips at him. I have been told that many neceſſitous beings will miſerably feed on hope, in great men's dwellings, from an early ſtate of manhood till age creeps upon them. Would I do ſo? Rather let an acre of waſte be allotted to me,

together

together with a ſpade, a hoe, and ſome few neceſſary implements—I would build a hovel with clay and furze, would plant my ground with roots, live upon the produce, and at morning and at night ſing the wild ſong of independence before I would bend before or ſue to theſe dignified ſcoffers!"

At ſome little diſtance from his home he met his charming inmate;—he felt much inclined to accoſt her, but, on looking at her face, which ſhe turned towards the ground, he ſaw that her pale cheeks were moiſtened with tears. She perceived, and recollected him;—drawing her hat ſtill more

more over her eyes, and haſtening forward, ſhe entered the houſe, and ran up the ſtairs before he could reach the door without rudely quickening his pace. The ſtateſman and his own diſappointments were inſtantly forgotten, and he went into his apartment with a depreſſed ſpirit. His dinner, which was brought up to him, he neglected; and his wine he could neither commend nor diſapprove, for he did not taſte it. Perhaps the unhappy ſtrangers above might be wanting what he could not with pleaſure partake of; his fowl would be proper food for the ſick woman, and his liquor would perhaps invigorate her feeble body.

"I will

"I will ſend them up; I will take them myſelf," cried Leopold, raiſing the diſh from the table.

How often are the beſt and moſt noble motives of man checked and repulſed by ridiculous cuſtoms!

"What am I about to do?" he continued; "to make myſelf conſpicuous by being charitable, and perhaps to act rudely when I wiſhed to act kindly. I perceive the younger of theſe ſtrangers to be very unhappy. I pity her; but I ought not to tell her ſo, leſt it ſhould increaſe her miſery. The girl ſays they appear to be well bred. There is a genuine and

independent

dependent ſpirit which poverty can never curb; it reigns not indeed in every breaſt, but in the mother of this young creature it may be yet unſubdued. No, I cannot proceed in this buſineſs with the little knowledge that I poſſeſs of the characters of theſe women."

To avoid ſingularity, he afterwards ate a part of his fowl, and drank ſome of the wine; ſtill he wiſhed theſe refreſhments could have been enjoyed by thoſe whoſe wants were greater than his own.—Sudden and immediate love has been allowed as poſſible; and many may ſuppoſe that Leopold had been inſpired with that paſſion: ſuch

ſuch, however, was not the caſe; his feelings were all kindred to pity, and he was prompted only by humanity. He had ſeen but little of the ſtranger's face; he was convinced, however, that ſhe had a conſiderable ſhare of beauty: and ſo every perſon had allowed whoſe eyes ever met the countenance of Auguſta Marilli.

Iſabella and her daughter were really in a ſtate of wretchedneſs: having voluntarily made themſelves almoſt beggars, they conſoled each other with the hope of being ſupported by their own ingenuity and induſtry. The greater ſhare of neceſſary talents was in Auguſta, the mind of her mother having

having been averſe to what are termed female accompliſhments:—in embroidery ſhe had great taſte and delicacy, and by employing herſelf ſtrictly in that art, ſhe happily thought ſhe ſhould be able to ſupport herſelf and her mother. She worked, and offered her performances for ſale; but ſhe ſoon found that ſhe had eſtimated her own abilities too highly, that her employment was the ſame which a thouſand young women ſcantily ſupported themſelves by, and that a very ſmall emolument was to be gained by the means which ſhe uſed for the ſubſiſtence of herſelf and her dear parent.

The concern of Iſabella was far from being equal to that of her daughter; ſhe ſmiled at every diſappointment, and even ſeemed inclined to mirth when their meal was ſcanty: but Auguſta knew the nature of her mother's feelings, and was nearly diſtracted when ſhe beheld her ſtrange conduct. A ſigh never paſſed from the breaſt of Altenburg's miſtreſs, a tear never roſe in her eye when Auguſta was preſent, but the vacancy of her looks, the frequent and long ſtare, and her inconſiſtent anſwers, were infinitely more alarming than any expreſſion of grief or of ſorrow.

On

On the day that Leopold had ſeen Auguſta in tears, ſhe had been on an unſucceſsful errand; and though ſhe was grieved to do it, ſhe was obliged to confeſs her diſappointment to her mother, who had two or three days previous to that felt an indiſpoſition, which ſhe could not conceal.

"I will allow no tears, Auguſta," ſhe cried; "all the miſeries of human life could not draw one from my eye at this time. I have no longer any feelings; my heart is apathy all over; neither joy nor ſorrow can in any wiſe affect it. I can almoſt believe in the metamorphic power; for the ſpire of yonder church has as many ſenſibilities

ſenſibilities as I have—nay, *that* will ſhake when the ſtorm rages, but I am a huge rock of adamant, which the univerſal cruſh alone can deſtroy, or put into any ſtate of motion."

Many ſpeeches ſimilar to this ſhe had of late been in the habit of making, but towards the evening, ſhe talked ſtill more alarmingly: all the night ſhe muttered away; in the morning ſhe could not leave her bed, and as the day advanced, her diſorder ſeemed to increaſe. The anguiſh of Auguſta became inſupportable; ſhe had nothing comfortable to give her mother, no money to procure any thing that was neceſſary. Half frantic, ſhe drew the curtains

curtains of the bed, ſnatched up her cloak, and ran out of the houſe, in order to ſell it. With a part of the money which ſhe obtained for it, ſhe bought a bottle of wine; but, in her hurry ſhe broke it juſt as ſhe was entering the room. Still ſhe preſerved a glaſs full, and put it to the lips of Iſabella, who drank it without taking any notice of the perſon who gave it to her.

"My mother! dear mother!" cried the daughter, "how are you now?"

"Aſk that of the damned," cried Iſabella, "and they will give you my

anſwer.—Oh, I am—Come, we will go together."

She was riſing from her bed: Auguſta, unable any longer to conquer her terror, ſtarted from her, and ran ſhrieking out of the room. She knew not whither ſhe went, and in a minute ſhe was lying almoſt breathleſs on the boſom of Leopold. She could not ſpeak, but ſhe clung to him, and directed her finger towards the door. Her ſcreams had brought up the ſervant of the houſe, and her looks impreſſed thoſe who ſaw them with an idea of her inſanity. Breaking from the arms of Leopold, ſhe took hold of the girl's hand, and was draw-

ing her to her mother's chamber; but the ſervant ſhewing extreme reluctance to follow, Auguſta entreated Leopold to go up with her.

He apprehended that the woman above had committed an act of ſuicide; but on entering the room, he diſcovered her lying quietly in bed, with her eyes fixed on the ceiling. Auguſta threw herſelf on her knees, and kiſſed the cheek of her mother. Iſabella regarded her not, neither did ſhe ſeem to hear the words which were addreſſed to her. Leopold was now aſſured of her ſituation, and with a brotherly affection he enquired of

Auguſta what had brought theſe miſeries on herſelf and her parent.

"The cruelty of man, the violation of oaths; poverty, want, and deſpair!" exclaimed the daughter.

"Good God!" cried Leopold; "yet do not diſtract yourſelf;—the inſanity of your mother has been of no long date I preſume?"

"Strange ſhe has been for many days; but it was only this morning that——Oh my mother!"

"Dear girl, you will deſtroy yourſelf. Your mother may ſoon be well again;

again; perhaps to-morrow her reaſon may return. Some proper food, ſome nouriſhing cordials——"

"And where are they to be got? The beggars in the ſtreets are Kings and Princes compared to us."

Leopold ran out of the room; he however returned in a moment: his hands trembled, tears were rolling from his eyes, and he brought with him ſome wine and biſcuits, and placed them on a table.

"From a ſtranger, a man whom I know not," ſaid Auguſta, "this generoſity—Oh no—it muſt not be. God

bleſs you, Sir, but I cannot accept theſe things."

"You muſt, you ſhall," cried Leopold; "it is even a duty in you to take them. What induces me to give them?—Humanity! If you reject them, you cannot know what humanity is; for what I now offer you, may be the means of ſaving your mother's life: ſhould ſhe periſh for the want of them, you muſt become culpable and ſinful."

"Give them to me!—God Almighty reward you! My mother has called man a poliſhed ſavage; I find he may be an angel!—Drink, my unhappy

unhappy parent, drink—drink—Oh, I ſhall die before her!"

"Miſerable creature," cried Leopold, "exert yourſelf, rely on Providence, and you and your mother will yet be happy."

"Never! never!" exclaimed Auguſta in deſpair.

"Does he ſay ſo?" cried Iſabella, ſtarting; "but tell the ſecret murderer that he has opened a paſſage for the blood of an innocent heart, and he will cry—"never never!"

Auguſta, in her terror, again ſeized the hand of Leopold, but ſeeing her mother apparently compoſed, ſhe once more drew near to the bed. Leopold withdrew, but previouſly whiſpered the ſervant, who had followed them, to ſtay in the chamber till he returned. He met the miſtreſs of the houſe below; and aſſuring her that he would ſatisfy her demand on the unfortunate women, he requeſted her to procure a nurſe as ſoon as poſſible, and alſo to recommend him to a Doctor of reputation. In leſs than an hour he came back with a man of acknowledged ſkill; and having ſtepped to the ſurpriſed and grateful Auguſta to acquaint her with the intended viſit,

viſit, he went down again, and almoſt immediately after introduced the Doctor.

Auguſta received him, and replied to his enquiries with emotion;—he went up to his patient, took hold of her hand, and ſpoke to her; but there was much ſpirit and incoherence in her anſwers, which again ſerved to terrify her daughter, who turned her ſad eyes upon the Doctor, and whiſpered to him her fears. He however ſtrove to quiet her by telling her that the derangement was owing to a fever, which he hoped would ſoon leave her, and at the ſame time take with it the ſtrange images of the mind;

and as to her vehemence and reſiſtance, he held them to be more favourable than tameneſs and melancholy. Poor Auguſta had much ſorrow in her heart, and ſhe turned towards Leopold, who had been a quiet, but not an unaffected, obſerver of the ſcene. The Doctor departed, and afterwards ſent ſome draughts for his patient, which were adminiſtered by the nurſe that had been provided; and Leopold having ordered ſome other refreſhments to Auguſta's chamber, retired to his own room, having previouſly entreated her not to neglect herſelf in her extreme care for her mother.

He

He was conſcious that he had acted rightly in this melancholy concern: much curioſity had he ſtill to ſatisfy; but, anxious as he was to know more of the ſtrangers, he could not, at a time like that, advance any queſtions to the poor afflicted girl, who mourned ſo ſeriouſly for her mother. The youth and beauty of the one impreſſed ſcarcely more than the piercing eyes and the expreſſive countenance of the other; and at firſt he could hardly believe Iſabella to be old enough for the mother of a girl of ſeventeen. In both of them he diſcovered a conſiderable ſhare of beauty. The mental derangement of Iſabella diſtorted not her face, but only gave a greater

ſtrength to her fine and noble features; an uncommon luſtre frequently beamed from her eyes, and the fever had thrown a high colour upon her ſmooth brown cheek. The complexion of Auguſta was much fairer; and, wanting the bloom of health, and the ſmile of happineſs, ſhe ſeemed, like the firſt flower of the year, to claim, and alſo to deſerve much cheriſhing.

When Leopold again went to the chamber, he ſaw the mother ſleeping; the daughter was ſitting near to her, with looks more compoſed, and with her hands claſped, as if her laſt thoughts had been devotional. It

was

was a picture highly delightful to the eye of Leopold, who gazed alternately on the forlorn ſtrangers. Fearing that he might make ſome noiſe, he ſilently withdrew to the door; but Auguſta roſe, and walking lightly acroſs the chamber, ſtopped him on the landing-place of the ſtairs.

"Friend," ſhe cried, "worthy friend! my mother ſleeps, ſleeps ſweetly! The fever is high, but the Doctor gives me hope, the nurſe gives me hope; and, if ſhe recover, dear ſtranger, all the bleſſings of my heart will be too few for you!"

Her

Her face was placed very near to Leopold's, one of her hands incloſed his own, and the other was innocently laid upon his ſhoulder:—there was no artifice in this—it was the look, the attitude of Nature; and ſuch the heart of Leopold willingly allowed them. The one returned to the bed-ſide of her mother, the other to his own apartment.

"What lovelineſs!" cried Leopold, "what innocence! I can believe that ſhe is artleſs, and that there are ſome marks of honeſty in my face, which have cauſed her to think generouſly of me. For what I have done, I am rewarded; one of thoſe looks would repay

repay me for a thouſand better ſervices.

The Doctor viſited Iſabella again in the evening; the fever was ſtill high, and while he was ſtanding over her, ſhe awoke with a ſhriek: ſtill he had not any ſerious fears for her ſafety. He ordered ſome other medicines to be given to her; and before Leopold went to bed, he found that ſhe was again compoſed, and ſlumbering. The next day, however, her fleſh was almoſt ſcorched, and her brain was become more ſeriouſly affected: the Doctor then looked on her with conſiderable gravity. Auguſta ſcarcely retained her ſenſes; and

Leopold

Leopold feared that Death was within a ſhort march of the half ſubdued mortal. Five days more ſhe continued in this ſtate; on the ſixth the fever abated; on the ſeventh—ſhe knew and ſpoke reaſonably to her daughter.

"Speak to me again, my dear mother!" cried the joyful girl.

"Auguſta! My precious child!"

"God, I thank thee! God, I praiſe thee! God, I will ever adore thee!"

Iſabella was again going to talk to her daughter, but was overpowered by

by faintneſs, when Auguſta brought her ſome wine, and put it to her lips.

"Whence comes this?" ſaid Iſabella; "how long have I been ill?"

"Nine days, dear mother!"

"So long, and yet not famiſhed!—I remember our—ha! has the Baron—you could not accept of his—"

"I have not ſeen him, have received nothing from him; but I have met a friend, a ſtranger, a good and excellent man! Under heaven I believe there is no one better. You muſt ſee him, mother."

"I muſt

"I muſt thank him for his *charity*."

"You muſt not; it will drive him from you. He calls himſelf an agent of Providence, and will not take what is alone due to the Power under which he acts."

"Is there ſuch a man in this inhuman world?" ſaid Iſabella; "if there be—Ah, I am ſtill faint! Raiſe me, Auguſta. Oh, how happy again to meet the boſom of my child!"

Her mind now dwelt chiefly on the information of her daughter.—Saved by a ſtranger, a young and handſome

handſome man!—Her diſpoſition had once been generous, liberal, and unſuſpecting; but ſince the deſertion of Altenburg, of him in whom ſhe had for many years confided, it had become doubtful and miſanthropic. She looked on Auguſta, her innocent, her beautiful child—

"Dare he?" ſhe cried, "dare he?"

"What, who, mother?" cried Auguſta, fearful of her ſenſes being again wandering.

"Oh nothing, my girl, nothing. Let me ſee this friend to-morrow;

"I am

I am the benefitted object, and my gratitude muſt——I am not ſtrong enough to-day, but let me ſee him to-morrow."

Auguſta had not a ſingle ſuſpicion of her own, and ſhe did not catch at thoſe of her mother, whoſe emotions ſhe believed aroſe from an uncurbed ſpirit; and ſhe doubted not but that the modeſty and unpreſuming manners of their friend would quell this internal diſturbance. She ſaw Leopold in the evening in his own apartment; there was a joyous ſmile upon her face, an expreſſion in her eyes, and a lightneſs in her ſteps, which made her appear an exquiſite creature. The

imagination

imagination of Leopold, which perhaps too often reſembled that of a bard, recurred to a ſweet deſcription he had ſomewhere read of a ſylph, or wood nymph; and he thought the preſent reality more delightful than the paſt viſion.

The intelligence of Auguſta was given with an unaffected pathos, and her voice might truly have been called muſical: the ear of him who liſtened to her was charmed, and if her beauties had not increaſed, at leaſt he thought they had moſt enchantingly.

"You will take the acknowledgments of my mother to-morrow," ſhe

ſhe cried; "you will find her capable of diſcourſing reaſonably with you. She will ſurvive, wholly recover; then what have we to fear? Think not ill of us, Sir, if our names ſhould be concealed from you; if we were to tell you them, that could neither make your generoſity more kind, nor our eſteem more ſtrong and ſincere. Proſperity was lately with us, but ſhe is gone, and I would forget her."

"Oh that I could recal her to you!" cried Leopold, warmly; "Oh that I could lead you again into her arms!"

He

He unconſciouſly took her hand, preſſed it, and gazed upon her face, which was inſtantly bluſhing. He felt the impropriety of his conduct, looſened his hold, and placed himſelf in a chair.

"To-morrow then, Sir," ſaid the confuſed Auguſta, "to-morrow my mother may expect—you will—I ſhall ſee you?"

"Yes," replied Leopold, "yes, I ſhall ſee you."

She left the room, and for ſome minutes after her diſappearance his eyes did not turn from the door.

"From

"From whence are theſe ſenſations derived?" he aſked himſelf. "I have compaſſionated thouſands of mortals, of different ſexes, ages, and complexions; have ſtretched my ſervices for them to the length of my capacity, and ſeen many of them afterwards ſmiling, and heard others attributing their happineſs to me. But my preſent feelings are new—they are delightful! Auguſta has certainly been the inſpirer of them, and Auguſta muſt certainly be beloved."

On the morrow he went up to the chamber of the ſick woman, and was introduced to her. Iſabella ſtarted, and in ſilence gazed ſtrongly on him; recalling her thoughts, however,

which had apparently for a moment been wandering, ſhe put forth her hand, and expreſſed her ſenſe of his kindneſs and humanity. It was a noble gratitude ſhe gave him, and ſuch an one as did not confuſe him to accept; and his reply was that of a fellow-being, who was conſcious of his duties—not that of a benefactor, who was proud of his deeds. His manner reached the heart of Iſabella, and ſhe was no longer humiliated; he appeared to her ſuch a man as ſhe had wiſhed, but not expected to find; ſhe preſſed his hand between her's, and raiſing it to her lips, he felt a tear drop upon it.

Leopold, fearing that the emotions of Iſabella might endanger her weak frame, ſoon after retired, having previouſly requeſted that he might be admitted again; which Iſabella, to the pleaſure of Auguſta, readily aſſented to.

In the evening, and till then many a delicious thought had been in his mind, Leopold gently knocked at the door of their apartment, and put a baſket into the hand of Auguſta.

"How is your mother to-night?" he enquired; "is ſhe better?"

"Oh

"Oh much better, Sir," replied Auguſta cheerfully.

"And yourſelf, young lady, I hope you are well?"

"Yes, I thank you, well and happy!"

"God be praiſed! His bleſſings on you both! Good night—I will not now intrude—I cannot—good night, good night!"

He went quickly down the ſtairs, and ſhe carried to her mother the baſket, which contained ſome nouriſhing proviſion and excellent wine.

Iſabella turned from it, and her ſpirit was riſing; but Auguſta found a ſlip of paper, on which the donor had written a few emphatic words, which altered the tide of her mother's feelings.

"I will not wound this excellent man," ſhe cried, "for I never before ſaw ſuch true benevolence. I ſhall, I think, ſoon regain my ſtrength, and till then I will not refuſe his bounty. He is good and excellent ——"

"And ſo very handſome!" cried Auguſta, artleſsly; "do you not think ſo, mother?"

"Yes,"

"Yes," anſwered Iſabella, with a deep ſigh, and ſhe preſſed her hand on her forehead.

"What, do you not think him handſome?" ſaid Auguſta, not ſatisfied with the tone of the reply.

"Yes," Iſabella repeated, and ſhe laid her face on the pillow. Auguſta was not pleaſed with this accordant monoſyllable; but thinking that her mother wiſhed to ſleep, ſhe gently drew the curtain, and went to a diſtant part of the room.

For ſeveral ſucceſſive days Leopold was in the chamber; and when

Iſabella received him in her chair, he expreſſed ſuch a lively and unaffected pleaſure, that her aſtoniſhment and admiration increaſed.

Better able to hold converſation, ſhe now diſcovered that, with a fine perſon, he poſſeſſed an excellent underſtanding; which was an opinion ſimilar to one he had formed of her. His manner was free, but affectionate; and it was evident that the corruptions of the world, though he was not ignorant of their exiſtence, had not yet reached him. The feelings he cauſed to riſe within her breaſt, were nearly thoſe of a mother; his reſpect and delicacy were alike directed towards her

her and her daughter; his eyes never aſſumed the ſmalleſt freedom, his tongue never expreſſed an improper word, and one evening he ingenuouſly confeſſed to them his name and ſituation. Though, at the ſame time, he proteſted he had not a wiſh to draw from her confidence, yet Iſabella was pained that ſhe could not be equally explicit; but the world had been buſy with her appellation and concerns, had ſpoken injuriouſly of her—even Leopold, ſtranger as he was, might have heard ſome of its remarks and aſperſions, and though ſhe contemned the malice that had purſued her, ſhe was yet too weak to ſpeak on a theme which required compo-

ſure and energy. Auguſta ſaw the diſtreſs of her mother, but in a few minutes ſhe ſmiled it away; her diſturbance had alſo been noticed by Leopold, who ſuſpecting that he had acted wrong, ſtrove to atone, by ſpeaking on ſome general ſubjects.

The day following this meeting, Leopold went again to the Miniſter, who condeſcended to ſee him; he had however to liſten to a tale which, he was aſſured, had been often told, and to attend to ſome common promiſes and regrets, in which he was convinced there was little or no ſincerity. He withdrew in diſguſt, and for a while his temper was much diſturbed; but

as

as he went homeward, his mind reverted to his former agricultural plan, and hope preſenting a fair viſion to his eyes in a female form, he met Iſabella with a happy countenance, and happier it became when he ſaw the improvement of her intereſting face. Auguſta was not in the room; but ſoon afterwards the entered precipitately, and running up to her mother, incautiouſly exclaimed—

"Good heaven! we are diſcovered. I have ſeen Grotz, and he is coming up the ſtairs."

"I will die before he ſhall enter!" ſaid Iſabella, riſing from her chair;

"I will periſh before I bear another inſult!"

"Who ſhall dare to inſult you?" cried Leopold; "ſuffer me to interpoſe, and to chaſtiſe the intruder."

"Oh, no, no!" ſaid Iſabella; "he is an old man, a good man; but his employer——Age has made him thoughtleſs, and he may tell—Pray, Sir, retire—yet ſtay—Auguſta, go you and deſire—no, I will ſee him myſelf."

"You muſt not, dear mother!" ſaid Auguſta, "your ſpirits——"

"Are

"Are rouſed, and capable of bearing me through any ſcene!" cried Iſabella, with an enlarged voice, and with a dignity which aſtoniſhed Leopold. "Will you allow me, Sir," ſhe added, "the uſe of your apartment for a few minutes?"

"Moſt readily: let me aſſiſt you down the ſtairs."

"I thank you, but do not need aſſiſtance. I hear them coming."

"My arm, mother," ſaid the trembling Auguſta—

"Is not wanted, my girl; I can walk without it. I wonder while I feel my own powers, for I could—they come; remain where you are."

She ſhut the door, deſcended the firſt flight of ſtairs, and at the bottom met the ſteward, and alſo a perſon whom ſhe had never before ſeen. She entered Leopold's apartment, and caſt her eyes, full of diſdain, upon Grotz; but the old man ſunk upon the floor, and ſobbed as violently as ever he had done in his childhood. Iſabella had prepared herſelf to chaſtiſe him for his inſolence; but when ſhe ſaw how much he was affected, and read in his old face the legible

characters

characters of love and grief, ſhe was ſubdued, and offered her hand to aſſiſt him in riſing. He fixed his lips upon it.

"Oh this hand!" he cried, "Oh that ſad and altered face! Ah God! Madam, I wiſh I had not ſeen you!"

"Grotz," replied Iſabella, "Grotz, I have been ill; I thank you for your concern; but you muſt leave me—inſtantly too."

"I will go, Madam; I have long been ſeeking for you, but I will go. I have no buſineſs, and my affection I ſee offends you."

"Nay,

"Nay, nay, you miſtake, good old man; I ever reſpected you."

"God bleſs you for it, lady; but I will retire; this gentleman muſt, however, ſpeak with you."

"Stay, Grotz:—of this gentleman I know nothing; of the Baron I will *hear* nothing."

"Madam," replied the ſtranger, "I do not know the Baron, have never ſeen, ſpoken to, or received any directions from him. I believe I find in you Signora Iſabella Marilli?"

"That

"That is my name," ſhe anſwered, reſtraining her wonder.

"You were formerly of Venice, Madam?"

"Theſe queſtions, to what do they tend?—But—yes, I was formerly of Venice."

"Soon after you left Italy, your father died?"

"So I have been informed," ſaid Iſabella, ſighing.

"Your elder brother ſurvived him only eight years?"

"I have

"I have long known the circumſtance, but never mourned for him—I loved him not."

"About a twelvemonth ago your younger brother fell in a duel."

"Indeed!—My younger!—Poor Antonio, I can ſtill weep for thee!"

"You had only one ſiſter, I believe? Her days ended in a Convent."

"She gone too—I hope ſhe is with God!"

"And your mother, Madam—"

"Hold,

"Hold, hold," cried Iſabella. She pauſed, and wept. "My mother, there you touched me tenderly—ſhe is dead?"

"She died about two months after the fall of Signor Antonio: I prepared her will ſome few days before her diſſolution, and ſhe commanded me to preſent it to you. My ſearch has been long and difficult, but I now give you the paper, which I wiſh you to peruſe."

"What!" exclaimed Iſabella, almoſt franticly, "to read the curſes of her who bore me?—Let me go—I ſhall

ſhall make my brain mad if I liſten to you."

"Stay, Madam," ſaid the Notary, "you miſconceive. Your mother's fortune, owing to the extravagance of her eldeſt ſon, was not very large; but ſuch as it was, ſhe bequeathed it in tender terms to you, her daughter Iſabella."

"To me! to me!—Support me, God!—I knew not that I *could* feel thus."

"And this paper," ſaid the ſtranger, "was written by her not many hours before ſhe expired."

He

He preſented it to Iſabella; ſhe took it haſtily, and threw her eyes diſtractedly upon the writing.——

"I am dying, but I ſhall die in peace with you! I have curſed you—Bleſs you! bleſs you!"——

It contained no more. Iſabella uttered a loud ſhrill ſcream, and fell ſenſeleſs on the floor. Auguſta and Leopold were with her in an inſtant; the former was filled with terror, the latter with amazement; and the old ſteward, who had thrown himſelf beſide Iſabella, was violently affected. Auguſta, however, entreated him, and alſo the ſtranger, to retire before the

ſenſes

ſenſes of her mother returned, leſt her relapſe might be more dangerous; and with this deſire they complied, previouſly informing the ſurpriſed and agitated girl that they would come again on the morrow.

Iſabella ſoon after opened her eyes upon her daughter, and ſobbed upon her boſom, when Leopold inſtantly withdrew, and the cauſe of this new affliction was explained to Auguſta, who, dearly as ſhe loved her mother, and pitied her ſorrows, felt an inward ſatisfaction which ſhe did not dare to expreſs. Iſabella many times read the few words of her departed mother, and ſhe was not much

much compoſed when Grotz and the Notary called on her the following day; but before ſhe ſpoke to the latter, ſhe took the former aſide, and commanded him not to apprize Baron Altenburg of her circumſtances, or place of reſidence; when ſhe learned of the ſteward that his Lord was gone to England.

She ſtarted, but immediately turned to the Notary, who was very explanatory in the affairs which he had hinted at on the preceding day: he informed her of the ſum that ſhe might expect, and alſo named ſix weeks as the period within which ſhe would be in the poſſeſſion of it. After this

this they had only two more meetings; the Notary then left Vienna, but the affectionate Grotz entreated that he might ſometimes call on and ſee his Lady and Auguſta; which was not denied by either of them.

Iſabella ſtill continued pale and unhappy; but at the end of a week, perceiving that Auguſta watched her anxiouſly, ſhe was more guarded in her looks and actions, and ſtrove to converſe with compoſure.

Leopold had not congratulated her on what many would have called her good fortune; but he had, in delicate terms, expreſſed his ſatisfaction on the change

change of her circumſtances, and entreated her to let his purſe become a joint ſupply till the Notary made his promiſed remittances; to which ſhe had thankfully and unreſervedly conſented.

Though the ſpace allotted by her heart to Leopold had never been a narrow one, ſtill ſhe had always cloſely obſerved his conduct; and though ſhe was convinced that her firſt haſty ſuſpicions were unjuſt, yet ſhe now, with ſome concern, perceived that friendſhip for one object had engendered love for another. He ſeemed to be always upon his guard, always cautious in ſpeaking to, or looking at the

the unſuſpecting Auguſta; but Iſabella's diſcrimination was ſtrong, and ſhe often drew juſt inferences when converſing with apparent indifference, and deeply ſcrutinized what ſhe ſcarcely ſeemed to look on. Leopold's affection was evident to her, but ſhe loved him herſelf, and did not doubt his honour; ſtill ſhe was pained by her own aſſurances, as the acquaintance might probably end in unhappineſs and regret. She knew little of him, but ſhe was convinced of his underſtanding being good, and his heart excellent; he had told her ſome things relating to himſelf, and his circumſtances, without being altogether explicit; nor had ſhe wiſhed him to be

ſo,

ſo, as ſhe could not repoſe in him an equal confidence.

Leopold ſtill ſpent much of his time with them, nor could Iſabella oppoſe it: he ſometimes played on the flute, ſometimes ſung to them, and he often brought home ſome intereſting book, and read to them on an evening;—but his eyes frequently wandered from the page, and fixed on Auguſta; and though he turned them again on the volume when he came to the gathered period, yet Iſabella was not unmindful of the circumſtance; on which ſhe ſilently commented.

Whenever Leopold was alone, he found himſelf uneaſy; he was too romantic to think his love improper, though it was fixed on the daughter of a ſtranger, whoſe name and character were alike unknown to him, and of whom many men would have had no ſmall number of ſuſpicions. He believed his happineſs depended on Auguſta. Sometimes he deſpaired of ever attaining the object, and ſometimes he indulged ſtrong hopes of poſſeſſing the firſt woman he had ever loved. The felicities of rural life, and of calm independence, would at the ſame time enter his mind; and in the village in which he was born, he thought of finding, with his Auguſta,

Auguſta, all the joys which were ſuppoſed to pertain to Arcadia.

The Notary had not been unmindful of his promiſe; for the fortune of Iſabella's mother, which had previouſly been gathered in, was punctually remitted to her at Vienna, and ſhe found that it would yield an annual competence for herſelf and her daughter. The loan that ſhe had received from Leopold ſhe returned; but ſhe did not offer to pay him for thoſe ſervices in which his humanity and benevolence had been ſo diſtinguiſhable.

Auguſta felt the advantages of this unexpected independence, and ſo did Iſabella, but the happineſs of the latter was not much increaſed: ſhe evidently ſtruggled hard to ſubdue the grief, of which ſhe ſpoke not; and though the natural vigour of her ſoul and mind would frequently diſcover itſelf, yet ſometimes ſhe felt a dejection, which ſhe could neither baniſh nor conceal. Altenburg and England, were words which ſhe would often repeat when ſhe was alone; but ſhe never ſuffered them to reach the ear of her daughter, and ſhe had ſtrictly commanded Grotz not to apprize Auguſta of the Baron's journey.

The

The winter ſeaſon had commenced with rigour, and Leopold often claimed a place at the fire-ſide of his female friends. He had paid his laſt diſguſting viſit to the oily ſtateſman, had renounced every thought depending on Courts and Miniſters, and his mind again turned towards his native village, in which perhaps Auguſta might make his happineſs complete. This hope, however, was ſometimes checked by his fears, one of which was the diſapprobation of her mother—and another, the want of affection in herſelf; that ſhe poſſeſſed an innocent and tender heart he was aſſured, but her manners were nearly thoſe of a ſiſter, and he could not

flatter himſelf that her heart had ever felt any ſtronger emotions than thoſe ariſing from gratitude.

The painfulneſs of uncertainty, at leaſt, he was determined to remove; and one evening when he was alone with Iſabella, he confeſſed to her the love which he bore for her daughter, ſtated ſome plans which he had formed in caſe an union with her was practicable, and entreated the mother to ſpeak to him on the ſubject before the return of Auguſta. Iſabella was not ſurpriſed, but ſhe was ſomewhat concerned, and ſhe alſo appeared confuſed, and remained ſilent; the apprehenſive Leopold, however

however, urged her to ſpeak, and ſhe at length declared that ſhe ſaw no probability of his ever being united to her daughter.

"But we muſt ever be friends," ſhe continued, taking his hand; "I muſt become inſenſible indeed when I do not eſteem you. Yet how romantic is your attachment! Your acquaintance with us has been ſhort; your knowledge of us ſcarcely amounts to any thing. We may, for aught you know to the contrary, be Princeſſes in diſguiſe, or proclaimed criminals, hiding ourſelves from the purſuit of juſtice."

"My life," cried Leopold, "even my life would I pledge on your worth and honour!"

"Beware!" ſaid Iſabella, in a changed tone, "beware of thoſe whom you would ſo unguardedly truſt. The world is full of evil: the ſpirits which are ſaid to inhabit a region beneath us, are no leſs wicked than many of ourſelves. Millions of us, of men and of women I ſpeak, merely by ſtepping into hell would become very devils. The name is local—the matter is not ſo. But this relates not. I love you, Leopold; indeed I wiſh you happy."

"Give

"Give me Auguſta then—let me call her wife, and you mother!"

"Hold, Warndorf; you have partly made yourſelf known to me, and I truſt you. But, admitting that Auguſta were to love you, there are certain notions in the world, opinions, prejudices: Poverty is contemned—ſo is Vice, if ſhe be ill-cloathed; with a robe of purple, however, crowds will make lanes for her to paſs, and men will elbow one another for her accommodation. Then illegitimacy! Oh fie on he or ſhe who is illegitimate! There your cauſe is loſt!"

Leopold ſtarted from his ſeat, and threw from him the hand of Iſabella, which he had been holding for ſome time paſt.

"Madam," he cried, "though you at firſt ſpoke ſatirically, your alluſion has not failed to ſtrike me. I know not how you have diſcovered what I fooliſhly concealed, but am aſſured that the means were diſhonourable. Yes, I am illegitimate; and by the ſoul of my dear mother, which is in heaven—by God, who commanded his angels to bring her before him, I would ——"

"Leopold,"

"Leopold," exclaimed Iſabella, ſtarting forward, and throwing herſelf upon his neck, "Leopold, what have I ſaid—what have I done? Friend, by the God whom you now called on, I ſwear I knew not what you have confeſſed!—Auguſta, ſhe—I meant no other—ſhe is illegitimate!"

Leopold was ſtruck with ſhame and aſtoniſhment; neither he nor Iſabella could for ſeveral minutes utter another word; her face was laid upon his breaſt, and his own had fallen on her ſhoulder.

"Pardon me," at length ſaid the one of them, and "forgive me," the

other. They heard Auguſta on the ſtairs, when Leopold ſtarted from Iſabella, and left the room by another door before ſhe entered it.

The next day he contrived a private interview with Iſabella; he extenuated his paſt fault by laying every part of his hiſtory before her; and ſhe, in confidence, gave him the outlines of her own, concealing only the name of him whom ſhe was compelled to ſpeak of in ungentle terms.

Again Leopold fondly mentioned Auguſta; and Iſabella, after ſome deliberation, aſſured him that if the happineſs of him and of her daughter ſhould

ſhould thereafter ſeem to depend on an union between them, ſhe would not withhold her conſent from it.

"You preſerved my life," ſhe cried; "perhaps both I and Auguſta had periſhed without your aſſiſtance; and I ſhall never forget you. But there are no proofs of my girl's loving you, and I have plans which ——hark! ſhe comes.—Pray retire for a while, for I wiſh her not to ſee you at this time."

Leopold preſſed her hand, and went to his room, where, his ſurpriſe having ſubſided, he indulged the hopes of love, and fondly thought of

becoming

becoming the happy huſband of a woman who was really his ſiſter.

Iſabella ſtrove to examine the heart of her daughter without diſcovering her deſign: this ſhe did by enquiries made with ſeeming indifference, and by remarks which led towards the perſon, the underſtanding, and the different qualifications of Leopold. To every thing ſaid in his praiſe Auguſta readily aſſented; her own obſervations were tender and ſimple, ſometimes affectionate, and they generally conveyed an idea not very remote from that which is formed of love.

Iſabella

Iſabella ſmiled on her unſuſpecting girl, who ſeemed not willing to turn from the ſubject;—her conſent had been paſſed conditionally to Leopold; his ſucceſs was in the higheſt degree probable, and for a few days ſhe amuſed herſelf with reflecting on the virtues of her child and her lover, and alſo on the tranquil hours which ſhe might thereafter enjoy with them. Theſe thoughts however pleaſed but for a little while; a ſucceſſion of new images broke into her mind; ſhe became viſibly dejected, and one evening, to the aſtoniſhment of Leopold and Auguſta, declared her intention of going to England.

"To England, mother!" exclaimed Auguſta; "if you are ſerious, to what purpoſe would you go thither?"

"By travelling," replied Iſabella; "my health may be amended, and my mind diverted. Italy I never intend to ſee again; France is familiar to me; of Germany I am weary; England I have never ſeen, therefore I mean to go thither."

Auguſta could not ſpeak, but Leopold ſaid—

"The ſeaſon, Madam, is unfavourable to a voyage; you doubtleſs will not go till the ſpring?"

"I ſhall

"I ſhall perhaps depart next week," ſhe replied; "the ſeaſon does not alarm me; I have been accuſtomed to ſtorms, and no longer dread them. What is the tempeſt of the elements when compared with the tempeſt of the ſoul? I ſhall have ſo much fortitude, that in ſupplying Auguſta with it, I ſhall not find my loſs."

Though the laſt words were ſpoken with a ſmile, her daughter's features could relax but little; Leopold was alſo much agitated and perplexed, but there was then no opportunity for him to ſpeak to Iſabella, as he wiſhed.

When

When they next met, ſhe anticipated him, by ſaying—

"Auguſta is in the next room, and I was wiſhing that you would come to me. I ſaw your ſurpriſe laſt night, when I told you of my deſign—a deſign which I am impatient to execute. We ſhall part, Warndorf;—how long I may be abſent, I know not; but on my return to Germany I ſhall expect that you will be the firſt friend to greet me."

"You remember your promiſe?" ſaid Leopold.

"Having

"Having made one," replied Iſabella, "I do not eaſily forget it. My Auguſta eſteems you; perhaps I ſhould not err, if I were to ſay that ſhe loves you."

"Love me!—Oh heaven!—Love me! And would you part us?"

"Your ſeparation will not be a long one. On our return, if her ſentiments ſhall be in your favour, and ſhe inclines to it, I proteſt ſhe ſhall become your wife."

"Madam—mother—you muſt not divide us; I muſt go with you; nay I conjure you, do not forbid it. Love me!

me! Dear Madam, I never felt ſuch joys as thoſe you now beſtow! I muſt go with you to England. If you deny me, I ſhall not have a moment of happineſs till your return. You know not what it is to be ſeparated from that object which is moſt dear to you!"

"Oh! Oh, yes I do!" cried Iſabella, throwing her eyes on the floor.

"Then I entreat you," ſaid Leopold, "to grant my requeſt. I will be your ſon and protector! You know not the language of the country; I do perfectly: you will therefore find

find me uſeful, as well as affectionate. Will you, will you permit me to —"

"Huſh!" cried Iſabella, "Auguſta is coming."

"But ſhall I accompany you?"

"We will talk of it hereafter."

"Nay, now, now—before my beloved Auguſta enters. A ſingle word will decide it—no or yes?"

"Yes," ſaid Iſabella, "yes, Warndorf."

Auguſta

Auguſta then entered, and noticing the extraordinary animation of Leopold, ſmilingly enquired the cauſe of it, when her mother informed her it had been agreed that he ſhould accompany them to England, and the intelligence was received by her with evident pleaſure. Leopold, whoſe anxiety had previouſly been ſtrong, was delighted by the acquieſcence of Iſabella, and ſtill more by the opinion that ſhe had given him of Auguſta's ſentiments. He ſuſpected that the former had other motives for her journey than thoſe which ſhe had acknowledged, and the eyes of the latter, he thought, ſeemed to throw ſome doubts on them; he rejoiced, however, that

he was to be their companion, for, independent of his love, he had a wiſh to ſee the country to which they were going, the language of which he had been taught by a poliſhed native, who reſided ſeveral years, and died in his native village; and to its literature he was fervently attached.

Within a fortnight following the intimation of Iſabella, they all embarked; and after a rough but quick voyage, arrived perfectly ſafe in England, and proceeded almoſt immediately to the capital. It had been agreed that they ſhould ſtill occupy one houſe; and Leopold ſoon buſied himſelf in looking for ſuitable apartments:

ments: conveniency was to be attended to, and alſo the plan of economy regarded; he inſpected ſeveral lodgings, but fixed on none. He, however, met with ſome which he much approved, and which he propoſed to engage, if the miſtreſs of the houſe could prevail on one of her inmates to reſign a little room which would be altogether neceſſary. The next day he was informed that the apartment had been readily given up, and on the following the foreigners left the hotel, and took poſſeſſion of the private houſe.

The weather becoming more temperate, the firſt week was ſpent by them

them in viewing many parts of the town, with which the young travellers were much pleaſed; but Iſabella, who had, while in Germany, declared that curioſity alone would carry her to England, viewed the many objects with more indifference, and, in the abſence of her mind, ſhe frequently diſregarded the remarks which were directed towards her. Auguſta ſaw this conduct with concern, but was ſilent on it: Leopold alſo noticed, and ventured to aſk the cauſe of it. Iſabella, however, endeavoured to perſuade him that her mind was free from every ſerious vexation, and carried him from the ſubject by entering with ſpirit into another.

It was at this time when Leopold begged that he might be allowed to declare to Auguſta his affection, which he had never ſpoken of to her; but Iſabella deſired him to delay it for a day or two, and till ſhe had in ſome manner prepared her beloved daughter to hear him. A few hours after ſhe took Auguſta to her chamber, and throwing her arms around her neck—

"Dear daughter!" ſhe cried, "to you I can no longer be an hypocrite. I have marked your ſurpriſe and pain when you have witneſſed many of my actions, and your ſilence on them evinces your love and tenderneſs. You

You are my friend as well as my child, and I have no other on earth."

"Dear mother," ſaid Auguſta, "you forget Warndorf."

"Oh no—I hold him in my heart and memory! But I am going to make a diſcovery that will perhaps aſtoniſh you. I am not come hither in purſuit of either health or pleaſure; no, I came in purſuit of Altenburg."

"Of my father!—of my dear—"

"Hold!" cried Iſabella, "beware of what you ſay; recollect yourſelf, and be virtuous."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—I forgot. —But my father—the Baron, is he in England?"

"He is: his wife alſo is here; and I believe they do not intend ſoon to return. What do you think of my following him after all his cruelties?"

"That even thoſe cruelties have not been able to deſtroy your affection—that you ſtill love him."

"Love him—Oh Altenburg!—Love him? Aye, and I could kill him too!"

"You

"You terrify me!" cried Auguſta. "Kill my father! For God's ſake do not talk thus!"

"Nay, Auguſta, the fault lies in you, for it is you that lead me to talk wildly; but fear me not—doubt not the propriety of my actions. I cannot account for the affections of my heart; Altenburg, however, ſometimes ſeems to me better than an angel, and ſometimes worſe than a devil. In one hour I could throw myſelf upon his breaſt, with all the tenderneſs I bore for him before you were born; and, in the next, I could almoſt twiſt a bow-ſtring around his neck, and darken his face with ago-

nies. I muſt ſee him—if poſſible talk to him—"

"Where—how—in what manner, mother? Let me go with you!—Were the world mine, I would give it to kiſs his cheek!"

"Do you love him ſo truly?" cried Iſabella, hiding her face; "Oh, daughter! daughter!"

They wept ſeveral minutes in the arms of each other; Iſabella, however, firſt threw aſide her weakneſs, and told Auguſta that ſhe had ſomething to ſay which related to Leopold.

"And

"And what of him?" ſaid Auguſta, in a manner which ſhewed that ſhe was conſiderably intereſted.

"He loves you, my girl!"

Her eyes fell from the face of her mother.

"He loves you, Auguſta," continued Iſabella, "he has confeſſed it to me; entreated me to allow him to ſpeak to you of his attachment, and I have given him my permiſſion."

"I ſhall never dare to look at him again, mother! I never can ſee him more!"

"What!" cried Iſabella, "can you be abaſhed by an honourable love? I would not on ſuch an occaſion make a woman's diffidence a criterion of her genuine modeſty. Warndorf is an excellent young man, handſome in countenance, good in diſpoſition, and noble in principles. Without his aid I had perhaps now been repoſing with the dead; you probably had pined in grief. And can you not love the man who reſcued your mother and yourſelf from ſo dreadful a ſituation as that in which he found us?"

"I do love him, dear mother—love him as if he were your ſon and my brother."

"Could

"Could you not love him if he were to propoſe himſelf as your huſband, Auguſta? You know my reſpect for ſincerity, my diſlike to affectation; therefore anſwer my queſtion without heſitation or confuſion."

"Warndorf," replied Auguſta, "is, I believe, worthy of the good opinion of every perſon; he has long had mine, and I could love him in the character to which you have alluded."

"Then may I hereafter," cried Iſabella, "ſee you his wife? But no more of this at preſent. When you next meet him, do not be diſcom-

poſed; and if he ſpeaks to you as a lover, fall not into embarraſſment. There is ever a delicacy in his ſpeech and manners which muſt win all hearts; and I do not think that he has the *power* to act diſhonourably."

"But my father—let us talk again of him."

"Not another word," ſaid Iſabella, riſing; and in a few minutes ſhe left the room.

Auguſta remained in aſtoniſhment; the diſcoveries that had been made to her intereſted her greatly, but that which related to her father ſurpriſed her

her even more than the love of Leopold. What the views of her mother were, ſhe knew not; many ſerious apprehenſions took poſſeſſion of her mind, and the well-known impetuoſity of Iſabella made her tremble.

The declared affection of Leopold, and the wiſhes of her mother, agitated her, however, ſcarcely leſs than the former ſubject; ſhe had confeſſed ſhe had long regarded him with tenderneſs, but the thought of marriage had never intruded, and all her feelings, ſhe believed, came from no other ſource than that of gratitude. The acknowledgment ſhe had given to her parent now threw a bluſh

upon her face; and though ſhe had been charged not to diſcover any timidity when Leopold ſhould meet and ſpeak to her of his wiſhes, yet the idea of ſeeing him, in ſpite of a ſtrong remark her mother had made, occaſioned her to feel a conſiderable degree of confuſion.

When ſhe next ſaw him, however, ſhe ſoon found her confidence return; for Iſabella, having delighted him by repeating a part of the laſt converſation, charged him not to take up the ſubject with precipitancy; no alluſion therefore eſcaped him, and his conduct was not leſs pleaſing to the mother than to the daughter.

At

At this time Leopold became, in ſome manner, acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Aſterley; the perſon who lodged in the houſe, and who had ſo readily reſigned his apartment. Warndorf, having been informed by the occupier that the room had been very genteelly given up, thought his perſonal thanks would not be improper, and accordingly gave them to the obliging ſtranger, whom he found a young, agreeable, and handſome man. They afterwards met ſeveral times, and at length an intimacy was formed between them; the perſon and manners of the Engliſhman were highly pleaſing to Leopold, who, in the courſe of a few days,

days, introduced him to his female friends.

The ages of Warndorf and Aſterley were nearly equal; the form and countenance of the one were not inferior to thoſe of the other, and in converſation both poſſeſſed the art of pleaſing. Iſabella and Auguſta found him an agreeable companion; their dialogues were carried on in the French language, and Aſterley alternately appeared to them the creature of ſenſibility and vivacity. In wit he was ſuperior to Leopold—in ſentiment they perfectly coincided: that tincture of romance which appeared in Warndorf, was frequently diſcoverable in Aſterley;

Aſterley; and though the eyes of the Engliſhman often threw from them the happieſt ſmiles, yet there were times when his penſiveneſs was not to be removed by the endeavours of his companions.

Every day ſince the arrival of the foreigners in England, Leopold had aimed at inſtructing them in the language of the country. Iſabella was the more arduous ſcholar of the two; and though concerns of greater weight would often preſs on her mind, yet her efforts and natural powers enabled her, in the courſe of ſix weeks, to make ſome conſiderable progreſs. But before that time had paſſed,

Leopold

Leopold offered his fairer pupil a ſweeter leſſon, for he ſpoke of his love to Auguſta, and addreſſed her with ſo much gentleneſs and ſincerity, that he drew from her a reply which he liſtened to with admiration and joy.

"We ſhall be happy!" he exclaimed, "dear girl, we ſhall be happy! The ſimilarity of our fortunes and of our paſt circumſtances, will ſerve to make us more precious to each other. Your mother ſhall be our only parent; we will look up to, will acknowledge no other. Sweet Auguſta, I have at this moment too many joys in my heart; they overflow—Oh let

me pour ſome of them into your own beloved boſom."

"Dear Leopold!" cried Auguſta, "dear Warndorf!"

"God ſhall ever be praiſed by me," he ſaid, "for ſending me to the aſſiſtance of you and of your mother, whoſe ſorrows will ſpeedily be loſt in the happineſs of her children. On our return to Germany, we will retire to the village in which I was born. It is a charming place, Auguſta; the hills are ſo pleaſant and healthful, the valleys ſo fruitful, and, in the ſpring, the foreſt is delightful! You will almoſt wiſh the flowers that grow in it were

were not ſo numerous, as you will break the ſtems of many of them when you are wandering among the ſhades with your Leopold. The honeſt villagers will praiſe the beauty of Warndorf's wife; their partners will extol her goodneſs; and the little children will be taught to bleſs her name. Oh how delightful are theſe anticipations!"

Auguſta was prevented from replying by the entrance of her mother, to whom both ſhe and Leopold ran, and throwing themſelves at her feet, ſhe ſunk on her knees, and, while ſhe claſped them in one embrace—

"I call

"I call on God, my ſon!" ſhe exclaimed; "I call on God, dear daughter, to bleſs you!"

After this declaration had been made, Auguſta became leſs timid, and ſhe no longer dreaded the approaches of her lover; but thinking on the Baron ſtill continued to pain her, and ſhe was alſo much concerned and grieved by the ſituation of her mother; whom ſhe entreated to return to Germany, but from whom ſhe received an anſwer by no means ſatisfactory, or favourable to her wiſhes.

Leopold, a ſtranger to the name of Auguſta's father, and equally ſo to the object

object of Iſabella's journey, endeavoured to conſole the lovely girl whenever he ſaw her diſtreſſed; his tenderneſs often ſucceeded in ſoothing her, and he led her to hope that it would not be long before they ſhould go back to their own country in peace and in happineſs.

Mr. Aſterley ſtill continued to claim their friendſhip, and to ſpend many evenings in their ſociety:—when his mind was free, he was a moſt engaging companion; ſpleen muſt have been murdered by his anecdotes; his knowledge of ſociety was extenſive, and his remarks on public characters were judicious and frequently humorous.

humorous. But there was a ſtrange inequality in his ſpirits; one day he would be the laughing ſon of joy, but in the next he would appear with the clouds of ſorrow hanging over him; and Leopold, in the preſence of Iſabella and Auguſta, once ventured to enquire the cauſe of it.

"I am conſcious that your remarks have been juſt," replied Aſterley, "for there are times when the air ſeems ſcarcely lighter than my body, and there are times when its ſubſtance is like that of the earth, and only fit to be commingled with it. The cauſe muſt be traced in my mind: if I am happy, I can ſeldom be reflective; if ſad, I either

either am, or recently have been ruminating on many of the occurrences which have befallen me, and alſo left behind them an indelible impreſſion. The great author*, of whom we were talking yeſterday, has ſaid that "a man uſed to viciſſitudes, is not eaſily dejected." I can judge no other mind by my own, but all *my dejection* is occaſioned by the viciſſitudes through which I have paſſed. Will you attend to me for a little while? If ſo, you ſhall hear, and judge me."

They all bowed, and Afterley proceeded.

* Dr. Johnſon.

"I will

"I will deſcribe to you the original images of my memory. This is the firſt picture of life I can recollect. An ill-clothed woman, not arrived at the middle age, with dark ſorrowful eyes, and wan cheeks; a tottering garret, in a narrow ſtreet, dark and melancholy; a bed in which ſleep was ſcarcely to be obtained, but by the moſt abject and inſenſible; a chair, a rotten table, and a grate, often black and cold when December was howling —I remember nothing ſo well as what I have now deſcribed. The forlorn object I ſpeak of was my mother; the room, the wretched place in which ſhe lived.

"I pre-

"I pretend to know of no events which preceded my fifth year, and at that time my mother ſeldom left her garret during the day; when evening approached, however, ſhe went into the ſtreets, took me with her, and begged for charity. She lived by theſe means till I was eight years old, and at that early period I began to be mindful of the horrors of our ſituation, and alſo to enquire the cauſe of it. I ſaw that my mother was, in many reſpects, different to other beggars: I never heard an execration paſs from her mouth; when ſhe received a pittance from the humane, ſhe was ſilent; when ſhe was puſhed and ſpurned,

ſhe

ſhe would ſigh deeply, and often in a low voice ſay—"God protect me!"

"Cold and hungry we frequently went to our bed; but indiſcriminate donations ſometimes provided us a coarſe plentiful meal. My mother would not allow me to play with the ragged bantlings of the alleys, and if I uſed an improper word, which I had taken from the mouths of the diſſolute, ſhe always ſeverely chid me, though there were moments in which her love and tenderneſs melted my young heart. She could read, and I ſuſpected that ſhe had once been what I then ſimply termed a fine lady; for ſhe one night held a long converſation

with a gentleman in the ſtreet, which ſhe afterwards told me was French.

"She had an old Bible in the room, by which ſhe learned me to read; afterwards I picked up ſome pens and waſte paper in the Inns of Court and other places, and I was ſoon taught to write; ſhe wrote a fine hand herſelf; I imitated it, and within eight months I really thought myſelf an uncommon ſcholar. I loved to lounge at the bookſellers' windows, and to peruſe the title-pages; I turned over the old wares of the ſtalls, till I was driven away by the cruel epithet of a young thief; and whenever I ſaw a ſtranger ſeeking for any place by a written

written direction, I offered my aſſiſtance with a ſecret pride, and bleſſed my poor mother, who was pining at home. I forgot that every charity-ſchool boy was as well taught as myſelf, and thought it hard that I ſhould be obliged to prowl the ſtreets like a hungry cur, and that no one would offer me an honeſt employment, becauſe I was covered only with rags. I aſked the reaſon of my mother, but it made her ſigh deeply; and when I enquired who my father was, and how long he had been dead, I perceived that ſhe was agonized, and therefore deſiſted.

"She ſtill continued her nightly ſupplicatory rambles, and I always followed her at a little diſtance. More than once we were taken to a watch-houſe, and caſt among thieves and proſtitutes. A woman may be thrown into ſituations when ſhe ſhould not bluſh even at obſcenity. My mother was often compelled to hear the moſt diſgraceful language; the abandoned women curſed her for her ſilence, and the raſcals became more foul in their words; but ſhe would look at them without ſpeaking, draw me to a corner of the room, and ſometimes on the wooden ſeat we have ſlept in each other's arms.

"At

"At length ſhe fell ſick, and I was almoſt killed by grief; for ſhe would never acknowledge to what pariſh ſhe belonged, and I could ſcarcely find a morſel of bread, or a little beer, to keep her in exiſtence. When I entreated charity, I was called an idle young rogue, a villain; and if I ſpoke of my ſick parent, the name of a liar was heaped upon me by thouſands.

"My mother muſt not die!" So I thought; I bought a link, aſſured her that I would bring ſomething home to comfort her, and then haſtened to the Piazzas of Covent Garden, and obtained eighteen pence by lighting different people to their carriages.

Good God! how joyfully did I return to the garret!

"The next night I was again the buſieſt at the play-houſe door, and was commiſſioned by a young gentleman and an elegantly dreſſed proſtitute, to procure a coach. I obtained one, but with difficulty; I then walked obſequiouſly before my employers, opened the door of the carriage, threw down the ſteps, and held out my hat for a recompence. A ſhilling was thrown into it.—"If you will give me another, Sir," I ſaid, "you will enable me to afford more comfort to my poor ſick mother."—The girl laughed. "Poh! nonſenſe! you lie, ſirrah!" cried

cried the gentleman. I held the link up to my face—"May God Almighty," I cried, "take the life of myſelf, and alſo of my mother, before this flame ſhall go out, if I do not ſpeak truth!"—The girl laughed ſtill louder, and the coachman curled his cord around my leg; but the gentleman looked at me with ſurpriſe, and put another piece of money into my hat.

"It did not feel like a ſhilling. I ran to the door of a coffee-houſe, and held the donation up to a lamp—it was a guinea! I ſent forth an exclamation of joy, threw my link into the kennel, ran home almoſt breathleſs,

and without ſpeaking, put my treaſure into the hand of my mother.

"What have you done?" ſhe cried, "robbed, ſtolen this money?—Unhappy boy, you will be hanged!"

"I told my ſtory to her; ſhe knew that I had never uttered a lie, and on that night I heard her ſpeak a prayer, which would not have diſcredited a prieſt before a congregation. On the following day I purchaſed a few comfortable things for her, and ſhe ſoon recovered.

"Reſerving half a crown, I purchaſed a few old books, and ſome pens and

and paper; and every day endeavoured, and with ſucceſs, to improve myſelf in reading and writing. Our means of life were dreadfully precarious; but every mite that came to our hands, was ſpent in the beſt manner: I ſtill hoped that ſome perſon would take compaſſion on me, and as I was now thirteen years old, I thought it might not be long before I ſhould be more ſerviceable to my mother.

"The two little circumſtances that I am going to relate to you, will at leaſt diſcover the different ſpecies of gratitude. I was one morning ſtrolling near the Horſe Guards, and at the time of parade; a ſmart little fifer attracted

my eye, and drawing ſeveral lines of compariſon between him and myſelf, the moſt favourable of which all inclined to his ſide, I had reſolved on being in the Army, and went marching with the big idea in my mind, as far as the Serpentine River in Hyde Park. Juſt as I arrived at the bank, I heard a woman ſcream, and ſaw a child fall into the water;—no perſon except a female ſervant was near; the ſhriek pierced my heart, and the little girl had diſappeared. Such garments as mine were ſoon laid aſide, and I ſtripped even to my ſkin in leſs than a minute. I was an excellent ſwimmer, ſtrong and fearleſs; the place in which the child had ſunk being fortunately

ſhallow, I brought her out without difficulty, and carried her towards the maid, who affectedly ran away becauſe I was naked. The lady (I afterwards learned ſhe was of quality), however, received the poor little thing, who ſoon recovered; and, taking out her purſe, to the preſerver of her daughter's life ſhe gave half a crown! I did not often act or feel like a beggar: the parſimony and ingratitude of this woman ſurpriſed me; I received her money, threw it into the river, and ſmiling in her face, walked away.

"This was to me a day of adventures—it ſtamped me a knight-errant; for near Kenſington I ſaw another lady

in apparent agony, which I found was occaſioned by a large maſtiff having got a favourite little ſpaniel in its paws, at a ſmall diſtance from the ſpot on which ſhe ſtood. Taking up a large ſtone, I aimed it at the head of the enemy brute, and ſtruck him, upon which he abandoned the victim, and flew towards me; I however reſolutely threw myſelf upon his neck, which I ſqueezed till I almoſt ſtrangled him, but afterwards releaſing him, he ran away howling.

"I have never thought of the conduct of this woman without a ſtrong propenſity to laughter; ſhe ſhook my hand, called me a gallant, an heroic fellow,

fellow, declared that the bravery of the action charmed her, and uſed many other ſtrange and extravagant phraſes, of which, poor as I was, I knew the ſignification. The former woman had given me half a crown for ſaving the life of her child; the latter preſented me with a guinea for reſcuing a dog, and bade me carry the maimed little animal to her houſe. This lady was of a ſingular character, romantic, and an authoreſs; ſhe wiſhed to know my ſtory; I related it, and in a manner with which ſhe declared ſhe was charmed. She ſent my mother ſome clothes, deſired me to call on her again, and within a fortnight ſhe prevailed

prevailed on a gentlemen of the law to take me into his office.

"The joy of my mother almoſt deprived her of reaſon, and my own was nearly as powerful: the proud thoughts which penury could never repreſs, were again growing active; and having in a great degree riſen, I hoped ſoon to riſe ſtill higher. I could now ſupport myſelf and my dear parent in a decent manner; ſociety no longer regarded me as an outcaſt, and I paſſed the four years following my advancement with reſpectability. Mrs. Bolton, my patroneſs, ſtill noticed, and lent me books; and my mother gave me ſome inſtructions in the French language.

guage. She had grown, in her appearance, a fine and reſpectable woman; melancholy, however, preyed ſtrongly upon her, and in looking on and pitying her, it became one of the features of my mind.

"I often preſſed her to tell me her hiſtory, but ſhe always entreated me to be ſilent on that ſubject; and ſobbing on my breaſt, ſhe ſometimes declared that ſhe dared not ſpeak of it. I was nearly nineteen when I buried her. A few days before her death ſhe explained the myſtery!—Dear mother, I ſhall never forget you! Never let my mind dwell on your fault, after having had ſo many proofs of your love

love and tenderneſs. She told me, while ſhe lay death-ſtricken in my arms, that ſhe had, at the age of two-and-twenty, and contrary to her inclinations, been married to Mr. Aſterley (a name I had never heard before), a gentleman of conſiderable property, and of handſome perſon, but of no good morals. Indifference came ſoon after the nuptials; and, at the time I was born, it was notorious that he aſſociated with another woman. My mother heard of it; it ſtruck deep into her heart, and ſhe looked on him with averſion.

"Eighteen months after I was born, my mother brought forth another male

male child; but the love of her husband was gone, and he did not even attempt to screen his attachments. He became gross, unfeeling, and cruel; and at length she —she groaned when she confessed it to me—committed adultery with a man of rank, who had recounted all the base actions of her husband to her.

"Her criminality, shocking to herself, was detected; but before my father was acquainted with it, she fled, and secretly carried me away with her. Her own crime swallowed up all the vices of her husband, and from that time she never saw either him or her betrayer.

betrayer. She took with her a caſket which her father had given to her before her marriage; for the jewels it contained ſhe procured two hundred pounds, and on this money ſhe ſubſiſted till within a few weeks of the period to which I have at firſt alluded.

"This narrative aſtoniſhed me;—dying, ſhe entreated me to forgive and bleſs her. I did ſo a thouſand times; and, at her deſire, I brought the miniſter of the pariſh to pray to her, before whom, and two other perſons, ſhe made an affidavit of my name, birth, and legitimacy: ſhe expired a few hours afterwards.

"My

"My grief was ſtrong, and it was a conſiderable time before I could ſubdue it. Had not my mother carried me away, I might have been educated handſomely, and, perhaps, have enjoyed wealth and reſpect: but then I ſhould have been ſeparated from her; and when I thought on what ſhe had been to me, I was ſatisfied with that part of her conduct.

"The error which I have alluded to, and which was a worm in her conſcience, I could not condemn her for; the brutal conduct of her huſband took away half of the offence, and I had not an atom of pity to beſtow on him.

"Soon

"Soon after I had put the body of my mother in the earth, I made ſome enquiries concerning my family; when I found that my father had been dead ſeveral years, and that his ſuppoſed only ſon was then in poſſeſſion of his eſtates. My brother was at that time in the country; and I travelled upwards of an hundred and fifty miles to ſee him: but I did not make myſelf known, as I diſcovered that he was as corrupt as his father, without poſſeſſing any of his abilities. I returned diſguſted to London, and conſulted with an eminent barriſter on my title to my paternal eſtate; but he ſeemed to view the circumſtances ſuſpiciouſly,

and

and was ſo diſcouraging, that I thought no more of putting in my claim.

"I had never been partial to the law; the gentleman to whom Mrs. Bolton had recommended me, was lately dead, and ſhe herſelf gone to Italy, in conſequence of which I was again viſited by neceſſity. I am ſick when I think of the miſchances I afterwards met with, and of the many mortifications I ſuffered. I affirm, without being influenced by any common prejudice, that men in the law, taken generally, are the moſt arrogant, unfeeling, and illiberal people in the world; and my ſolicitations to them were few and reluctant.

"Poſſeſſing

"Poſſeſſing ſome powers of imagination, I commenced author; but I had too much modeſty for the trade, and wanting breath to puff with, as well as confidence to ſeek for a patron, I burnt my pen, and ſighed over my manuſcript.

"I had always loved the drama, and flattered myſelf that I had talents adapted to the ſtage; and one morning I introduced myſelf to a new-made manager in Soho, from whom I received a peremptory rejection, which however was politely dreſſed and given out.

"I ſhall

"I ſhall not deſcribe the particular manner in which I ſpent the next eighteen months that followed my poor mother's death: but I ſhall never more ſay of him whoſe body is ſtaked in the highway, 'this man deſerved the contempt of his fellows, and alſo the diſpleaſure of his God.' Poverty often raiſes the mind above, or ſinks it below the ſtandard of reaſon: even melancholy is a ſpecies of inſanity, and deſpair is more nearly allied to it: I have felt the influence of them both, and I often wonder at my preſervation. But I learned that my brother, owing to exceſs and intemperance, had actually fallen into the ſtate which I have attempted to deſcribe,

deſcribe, and that, in conſequence of it, he was confined in a private mad-houſe.

"About this time I was ſtrongly adviſed to proſecute my claim to my father's eſtate; and I found a gentleman who not only offered to become my ſolicitor, but alſo to ſupply me with money till my right ſhould be decided in a court of equity.

"It will not be long before I ſhall be either rich, or a moſt forlorn beggar; the document of my mother, and the credibility of the witneſſes, are much relied on; and the hopes of the attorney are nearly certainties. But

my

my energies have grown ſluggiſh, and are unwilling to be revived: I am like a plant that has been long neglected in a dry ſeaſon, and the ſhowers which are looked for, will perhaps fall too late."

Aſterley's friends had liſtened to his narrative with conſiderable intereſt: Leopold preſſed his hand, and bade him ſhake off the melancholy fiend; the fine eyes of Iſabella beamed with a ſtrong compaſſion, and Auguſta ſighed, while ſhe unaffectedly exclaimed—"Poor Aſterley!"

The weather being generally very ſevere, they were compelled to ſtay much at home; but when a fine morning preſented itſelf, they were all anxious to be abroad.

Aſterley, on ſome occaſions, was very pleaſant and diverting; ſtill in his other mood, he was painful not only to himſelf, but alſo to his obſervers. Leopold and Auguſta often, in private, talked of their intended union, for it was a ſubject dear to them both; and they anticipated the joys they ſhould find on their return to Germany. One circumſtance, however, created much concern in Auguſta, and an equal ſurpriſe in Leopold; this was a cuſtom

a cuſtom which Iſabella had of late adopted of going out alone, and of being abſent ſometimes two or three hours, without ſatisfactorily accounting for it. Auguſta indeed was partly in her confidence, and gueſſed her motives; but Leopold could only wonder at them, without expreſſing a curioſity which he knew would be offenſive.

About this time he was ſomewhat perplexed by not receiving an expected remittance from Vienna; the money he had brought over with him was nearly expended; and though Iſabella had a ſupply, he did not wiſh her to know of his deficiency.

Taking up a newſpaper one morning, he ſaw an advertiſement, by a German gentleman, for a private teacher of the Engliſh language: a very liberal premium was offered to any man of ability; and Leopold finding himſelf well qualified for the office, wiſhed to engage in it, if it were to be done without depriving him of much liberty. He copied the addreſs of the advertiſer, and ſoon after went to the houſe referred to, without apprizing Auguſta of his intention; neither did he ſpeak of it to Aſterley, and Iſabella had gone out ſoon after breakfaſt.

He

He found that the initials had been uſed by Baron Altenburg, to whom he told the ſervant he wiſhed to ſpeak. While ſtanding in the hall, to his aſtoniſhment, ſome perſon pronounced his name; and on turning his head, he ſaw a man advancing, who almoſt immediately took hold of his arm.

"Warndorf!" cried the ſtranger, "this is not generous; I have never been accuſtomed to have a ſpy attending on me, nor ſhall I ſoon forgive you for becoming ſuch."

"Amazement!" exclaimed Leopold; "you overpower me with ſur-

priſe. Good God! what am I to think of this?"

"Did you not know me then?" cried Iſabella; "did you not come in ſearch of me?"

"Neither, by heaven!" he replied; "and I dare ſcarcely truſt my ſenſes now. What am I to think of this?"

"Any thing—nothing—think not of it at all. Do you know the Baron? have you buſineſs with him? Are you acquainted with his being the father of Auguſta?"

"He!

"He!—The father of—No, upon my honour I knew it not: but I have buſineſs with him."

"Then, if you love my daughter, if you value my eternal quiet—Huſh! the ſervants are coming. You know what I mean—Remember!"

She broke from him, and left the hall, when a ſervant came to conduct him to the Baron. Surpriſe had ſo ſtrongly ſeized him, that he could not ſhake it off: Iſabella appeared in a ſuſpicious light; he thought that ſhe and the Baron had renewed their acquaintance, and a hundred myſteries were in a moment revealed. He

knew not but that ſhe might have even mentioned his name to Altenburg, and for this reaſon he determined on concealing it; he therefore introduced himſelf under a fictitious one, and explained his buſineſs as well as in a ſtate of agitation he poſſibly could.

The perſon and manners of Baron Altenburg intereſted him, in ſpite of prejudice; and having in ſome degree recovered from the ſhock which his own firſt direct lie had given to him, the converſation, on his part, was no longer laboured. He found that other applications had been previouſly made, but was flattered when Altenburg decided in his favour,

ſavour, though he came without recommendation: Leopold reſpectfully accepted the propoſals, and was requeſted to call again on the following day.

"It is late in life with me," ſaid the Baron, as they were ſeparating, "to think of the ſtudy of languages; and, though I am deſirous of acquiring that of the Engliſh, my reſidence in this country will not perhaps exceed a year. But to remove ſome weights from my mind, to expel from it ſome images which too often intrude, are the motives which——You will call on me to-morrow," he added, with a ſigh that ſeemed to ſteal into the

breaſt of Leopold, who, filled with wonder, haſtened home, and there he found Iſabella in her female attire.

His blood mounted into his cheeks when he looked at her, and his eyes, falling from her face, were placed upon Auguſta, from whom he could ſcarcely conceal his confuſion. Though Iſabella had ſunk in his eſteem, his ſentiments for her daughter were ſtill the ſame; and though he believed the one to be the ſlave of a paſſion which was clandeſtinely gratified, yet he was aſſured that the other actually poſſeſſed all the innocence in which ſhe appeared. Theſe thoughts flew through his mind, and finding himſelf incapable

incapable of converſing with calmneſs, he took a book from his pocket, and ſeemed to peruſe it, when Iſabella ſent Auguſta to her chamber, to look for ſomething which ſhe knew could not eaſily be found.

"The ſubject of the volume, Sir?" ſaid Iſabella, as ſoon as her daughter was gone.

"Madam!" cried Leopold, looking up to her. She had thrown herſelf back in her chair, the lower part of her face reſted on her hand, her boſom had ſwelled with pride, and her eyes were fixed with an eagle's ſtrength upon his face. He ſaw the keenneſs

of theſe ſilent reproaches, and the book fell from his hand.

"I read your thoughts, philoſopher!" ſhe cried; "your mind and ſoul are open to me. Virtuous cenſurer! liberal Warndorf!"

"Oh! for heaven's ſake, Madam!"

"Sir, you have tried to probe me deeply: you touched, but did not wound me. You ſaw me in a ſtrange ſituation this morning, and your imagination grew foul upon it; cleanſe it, young man, cleanſe it, and be wholeſome."

"I have not deſerved this," cried Leopold; "Auguſta's mother—"

"Altenburg's—chuſe a word, Sir, and place it; I doubt not but that the epithet will be delicately ſelected. Auguſta's mother!—Auguſta's mother would think herſelf too noble to call Warndorf her ſon, while he retains his groſs opinions. I would ſtake my ſoul that you think me baſe and criminal: I confeſſed to you this morning what Baron Altenburg has been to me; and you ſuppoſe that neither his deſertion nor his marriage prevented a renewal of our former intimacy?"

"Let

"Let the conſequence be what it will," cried Leopold, "I will not make myſelf a liar. Your charge is juſt—I have thought of you as you ſuppoſe. Our ſtrange meeting—your diſguiſe and confeſſion——You told me to think any thing, and now deſpiſe me for my thoughts; if they are wrong, on my knees—dear mother, forgive me."

"Oh Warndorf! Warndorf!"

"It is enough, I have your pardon!"

"You have, you have. Ah! Leopold, you never loved like me: you know not what it is to dote upon an object

object which you wiſh to hate. Altenburg threw me from his heart; I cannot baniſh him from mine. He fled from me; I have followed him hither; I have diſcourſed with him, and in a feigned character, excited his pity. I have preſſed his hands, and am the happier for it. His wife I have converſed with: before I ſaw her, I thought I ſhould have deteſted her; but ſhe appears to me an excellent creature. Auguſta knows not of my ſtratagem; my habit is always carefully locked up, and when I go out, I am wrapped in a cloak, which conceals my perſon even to the feet. I go to the Baron's in a coach, which, with the covering I leave in it, waits for

me

me in an adjoining ſtreet. I am convinced that I am not ſuſpected; but I will not, Warndorf, much longer indulge myſelf in this folly: we will go back to Germany ſoon. Your hand, Leopold—there, there, our quarrel is forgotten."

Leopold kiſſed the pledge of her amity, and had juſt time enough to relate the cauſe of their extraordinary meeting in the morning, before Auguſta came to them. By the paleneſs of her cheeks, and the quickneſs of her eyes, it was evident that ſhe had noticed the ſecret diſagreement before ſhe left the room; but the ſmiles of Leopold, and the kindneſs

of

of Iſabella baniſhed her concern; and Aſterley ſoon after joining them, they ſpent the remainder of the day together not unpleaſantly.

The young Engliſhman had received ſome favourable news from his ſolicitor, and was in excellent ſpirits till they were about to ſeparate at night, when he became ſilent, reſerved, and dejected.

The chamber of Leopold was divided from that of Aſterley only by a ſlight partition, and he had found that for many preceding nights, his friend retired late to his bed, and that it was become a habit with him to pace his

chamber

chamber, and very often to repeat "Poor Afterley! poor Afterley!" Leopold doubted not but that he was in thoſe moments ruminating on his family misfortunes; and though he ſincerely pitied the complainer, he was ſilent on the ſubject, for he knew that expreſſions of compaſſion more frequently opened than cloſed a wound.

Leopold was not very ſerene when he was preparing to go to Baron Altenburg on the following day; and he was ſorry that he had been induced, by ſurpriſe and apprehenſion, to give in a fictitious name, under which it was now become neceſſary to paſs. He was ſomewhat repugnant to accept

of

of the employment offered to him by the father of his Auguſta; and thinking that Iſabella might be averſe to it, he demanded her ſentiments, reſolving if ſhe did not approve of it, immediately to abandon the undertaking.

"I would not adviſe you to decline it," ſhe replied; "go to the Baron, and think not of us while you are with him. I ſhall not ſee him many times more, and perhaps I may learn of you to—But we will ſoon return to our country, Warndorf: ſhould you, however, meet with me again at Altenburg's, be guarded, and expreſs no ſurpriſe.

Leopold

Leopold then, ſtill more agitated than tranquil, went to the houſe of Chriſtiana's aunt, and was conducted to the library, where he found the Baron, who received him in a manner which was highly pleaſing, and which, on the inſtant, removed his embarraſſment. In the dialogue that enſued, the elegance and nerve of Altenburg's ſentiments and obſervations were felt and acknowledged by his young tutor: gravity generally accompanied his remarks, and his countenance was frequently ſerious; but a ray of vivacity ſometimes broke into his mind, and the ſmiles it produced made his face truly worthy of admiration.

Auguſta had one day, in confidence, read to him ſome parts of her father's letters, and had many times, when her mother was not preſent, ſpoken affectionately of him. Leopold, therefore, was now inclined to view him as a man of error, rather than of guilt; and the plea which he had made to the mother and daughter, of his having been dictated by neceſſity, really ſeemed to have ſome ſtrength. The converſation was both literary and political; the Baron ſpoke of many authors who were the favourites of Leopold, and quoted, with great taſte and propriety; and he was ſo pleaſed with the young ſtranger, that he

he invited him to dine there on the following day.

This early mark of reſpect was highly flattering to Leopold, whoſe pride had previouſly been rather above his occupation; and on his return home, he held ſome converſation with the anxious Iſabella, in which, though he regretted the diviſion between her and Altenburg, he could not forbear becoming, in ſome degree, the encomiaſt of the latter.

"Yes," replied Iſabella, "he has powers to captivate; he wins the heart without ſeeming to aim at it; but when he has made the conqueſt, his defects

defects become palpable. His understanding, I am perſuaded, you do not over-rate; his perſon——Ah! Warndorf, I am becoming garrulous, and will give myſelf a timely check. Altenburg to me ought not to be any thing. I am only the mother of his child—nothing more, nothing more!"

Her manner of ſpeaking the laſt words greatly affected Leopold, and with pain he ſaw her leave the room, with her arms laid acroſs her boſom, and her eyes fixed upon the floor. But he hoped that the period was not far diſtant when her mind would be tranquillized. It was his deſign to perſuade her not to renew her ſtrange

and

and hazardous viſits, to leave England in the courſe of a month, and previous to their voyage, to give him in marriage his ſweet Auguſta, who was no leſs anxious than himſelf to return to Germany.

She and Leopold afterwards had ſeveral converſations on the ſubject; thinking that, of the two, he had more influence over her mother, ſhe entreated him to urge their departure on every occaſion, as ſhe was in continual apprehenſion of the happening of ſome diſagreeable events.

"But why, why, dear Auguſta," he ſaid to her one day, "are you ſilent on

on the circumſtance that I wiſh to take place before we leave England?"

"Not becauſe I love you leſs, dear Warndorf, than I have ever done; not becauſe I think leſs tenderly of you; be aſſured it is not. Indeed I cannot account for it; only let us return to our country—only let us draw my poor mother from hence, and I ſhall go over the ſeas the happy wife of Warndorf!"

Such a declaration as this was a powerful ſtimulus; and in the afternoon of the ſame day he put his arguments to Iſabella; and, after many ſtruggles on her ſide, ſhe aſſured him

that in the courſe of ſix weeks ſhe would leave England, and that, ſome few days before her departure, ſhe would attend him and her daughter at the altar.

"Nay, no thanks, Warndorf," ſhe cried, perceiving he was about to ſpeak, "for I ſhall be happy to ſee you the huſband of my girl, happy in calling you my ſon. I often thank God in private that Auguſta has no brother; had I given Altenburg a boy, and the paſſions of the mother had been hereditary, I think the heart of his father would not at this time have been ſenſible of either pain or pleaſure. In my mind I have been a murderess!

dereſs! Before I left Vienna, the fiend Revenge was always torturing my brain, preſenting to my eye dreadful ſpectacles, and urging me to diabolical acts. This, I believe, was the cauſe of my illneſs and derangement, for I had thought on blood, and been ſcared by phantoms. This confeſſion—you muſt neither hate nor deſpiſe me for it. I was not wicked, I was not culpable—I was mad, and therefore no fault can be attached to me. In Germany, however, with you, Warndorf, and with your wife, all may yet be well. But I do not promiſe you that I will not take up my diſguiſe again. Can I return without ſeeing Altenburg once more? No, Leopold, I

muſt have another gaze before I depart. You will continue to attend him, but I charge you to be private, and never mention either me or Auguſta to him. I love him ſtill; I begin to reſpect his peace, and I ſhould now be loth to diſturb the tranquillity of her, to blaſt whom, in the hours of frenzy, I have even wiſhed for the means of ſorcery. No! happy be they both—happy Altenburg, and happy his wife!"

Leopold mourned that a better fate had not attended this woman; and he reſolved in every after hour, by the kindeſt attention, love, and reſpect, to endeavour to alleviate her

pain

pain and concern. Every day he attended the Baron, as a tutor, and received from him ſo many marks of kindneſs and eſteem, that, ſituated as he was in regard to Iſabella and Auguſta, ſtill he could not but look with reſpect on him who had deſerted them.

Leopold ſaw that he was not perfectly happy; but the tenderneſs with which he always ſpoke of the gentle Chriſtiana, and the love that ſhone in his eyes when he looked at her, deſtroyed every idea of his being ſtill attached to Iſabella. The perſon and manners of the Baroneſs alſo delighted Leopold; and he did not wonder that

they had removed the hatred of Auguſta's mother; for he held it impoſſible that any perſon could view her without intereſt, or converſe with her, and feel no pleaſure.

She was calculated to charm him, becauſe, in a great degree, ſhe reſembled Auguſta. An eye that was never dull, but which was not always joyful; a heart that could feel deeply, and a tongue that conſtantly ſpoke with unaffected tenderneſs, were the properties of Altenburg's wife, as well as of his daughter; both were excellent in their minds, and lovely in their perſons; and he was concerned that the ſingular merits of the one ſhould unfor-

unfortunately have been the means of depriving the other, who was equally deſerving, of a large portion of happineſs.

Altenburg was not very inquiſitive as to the concerns or fortune of Leopold; but after they had been known to each other a month, he offered a note to his inſtructor, as a part of his ſalary. It was for a ſum equal to that which had at firſt been propoſed for ſix months' attendance; Leopold, however, having previouſly determined on accepting no reward, declined the bill, by ſaying he would take it at ſome future time. The kindneſs of the action, and the accompanying

delicacy, did not pass the memory of Leopold, who found that Altenburg could indeed "win the heart without seeming to aim at it;" which was a remark that had been recently made to him by Isabella.

About a fortnight after the arrangement had been made for their journey, the cause of Afterley was decided in his favour, and prosperity was to reward his past sufferings. Though the extravagance of his father had been great, and his lunatic brother had been equally depraved and inconsiderate, yet, when the encumbrances which were on the estate, were discharged,

charged, an ample fortune would be remaining for the new poſſeſſor.

As ſoon as he could diſengage himſelf from the lawyers, he ran to his lodgings, and ſcarcely ſenſible of what he ſaid, imparted his ſucceſs to Leopold, to Iſabella, and to her daughter, all of whom heartily rejoiced on the occaſion, and were warm in their congratulations.

They requeſted him to give them his company for the remainder of the day, and nothing could have ſounded more agreeably to him; he became one of the happieſt creatures then in exiſtence; no being under heaven

was more felicitous, and his words and looks animated all the party. But as the evening advanced, his ſpirits decreaſed; on parting, he languidly wiſhed them all a good night, and his voice from his chamber afterwards conveyed the ſound of "Poor Afterley," to the ears of the ſurpriſed Leopold.

The clock ſtruck one, and he was ſtill waking and walking; and he did not go to bed till another hour had elapſed, though the morning was exceedingly cold, and the hail rattling againſt his window.

Leopold was aſtoniſhed by what he heard; and the melancholy of Aſterley ſeemed ſo unſeaſonable, that he began to think the young Engliſhman had omitted ſome diſtreſſing occurrences in his narrative, on which he was then ruminating, as he had done at ſeveral preceding ſeaſons.

The next day, however, he met Leopold with a placid, and Iſabella and Auguſta with a ſmiling countenance, which increaſed, and not in a ſmall degree, the ſurpriſe of him whom his plaints had ſo recently reached.

The ſtipulated time for Iſabella's departure was arrived within three weeks; Auguſta was to become the wife of Leopold in the courſe of a fortnight, and the principal thing that remained to be previouſly done by him was, to apprize the Baron of his intention to return to Germany. In what particular manner he ſhould do this, he had not however determined; and had not the exchange of ſituation been ſuch as it was, the leaving of Altenburg would have cauſed much regret. His motive for withdrawing himſelf, he could not fully explain; and the unwillingneſs that he felt to ſpeak his purpoſe, made him delay it from time to time, and he meant not to declare his intention

tion till a day or two before he ſhould become the huſband of Auguſta.

As the period of his marriage drew nigh, Leopold was more joyful; every moment in which he and Auguſta were alone, he was ſtarting ſome new ſcheme of happineſs, which ſhe ſmilingly liſtened to, and generally approved. But both of them were frequently concerned to ſee the extraordinary change in Aſterley, who, though now removed from want to affluence, retained none of his former good ſpirits, but ſeemed to be under the influence of melancholy. The quick ſmile no longer darted from his fine eyes; the hue of health was

vaniſhing,

vaniſhing, his tongue became languid, and his words were almoſt entirely confined to neceſſary and laconic replies.

Neither Leopold nor Auguſta could conjecture the cauſe of this extraordinary change; but Iſabella had watched him ſecretly, and though ſhe was ſilent on the ſubject, her concluſions afterwards proved to be juſt.

Leopold one morning went out, and previouſly bade his friends not to expect him till the evening; but in the courſe of two hours he returned, and informed them that he ſhould ſpend the remainder of the day at home.

home. He went up to his chamber almoſt immediately on ſome occaſion; in a few minutes, however, he returned, and going up to Auguſta, he ſmiled, while he whiſpered ſomething to her.

"Indeed, Warndorf," ſhe replied, "I have not got it, neither do I know any thing concerning it. Perhaps my mother does.—Leopold," ſhe continued, turning to Iſabella, "has miſſed a miniature; have you taken it out of his room?"

"No," anſwered Iſabella, "I have not been there this morning."

"This

"This is extraordinary!" cried Leopold; "I had the picture in my hand juſt before I left the room, and afterwards put it into the drawer, from which place I find it has been removed. I thought one of you had taken it away in ſport, and am alarmed by your declarations. Pray ring the bell; I muſt make immediate enquiries of the ſervant, and of her miſtreſs."

Aſterley, who was preſent, roſe haſtily from his chair, and placed his hand upon Iſabella's as it was touching the wire. His blood mounted into his cheeks, his whole frame was agitated, and with a faltering voice

he

he begged Leopold to follow him to another apartment, on which they both withdrew.

A ſuſpicion had ruſhed into the mind of the latter, and he looked ſternly at his Engliſh acquaintance, whoſe diſtreſs became almoſt inſupportable, and for a while impoſed a ſilence on his tongue.

"Speak, Sir," ſaid Leopold, "why have you brought me hither?"

"Oh Warndorf! what will you think of me?"

"That

"That ſtill remains to be known: but if you have purloined the picture, I will—"

"Do any thing to me," cried Aſterley; "uſe me as you pleaſe; hate me, deſpiſe me, *kill* me if it will ſatisfy you. I never yet was a liar; ſee, here is the picture of Auguſta! I took advantage of your abſence this morning, entered your room clandeſtinely, and removed your treaſure."

"And how could you preſume—for what purpoſe did you take the miniature—in what manner intend to diſpoſe of it?"

"You

"You ſhall be anſwered fully, Warndorf. There are ſome hearts that would pity—your's, I ſee, abhors me. I have long envied you the poſſeſſion of the picture; when you went out this morning, I ſent for an artiſt to copy it; and had you not returned till the evening, he would have made the outlines of his work, and the original would have been replaced. I can ſay no more in my juſtification: if you plunge a weapon into my breaſt, or if you give me up to the laws as a robber, I have had, and for ever ſhall have the image of Auguſta at my heart."

"Afterley!

"Aſterley! do you love her?"

"Love her! neither ſight nor life are more precious to me than Auguſta!"

"What, when you know that within a few days ſhe is to become my wife? Preſumptuous! How could you dare to love her?"

"You might as reaſonably aſk yourſelf—'How could I dare to love her?' Like you, I have powers of ſight, of perception, and of feeling; if my eye is lured by a beautiful object, does that conſtitute preſumption? and if my heart adores a woman, ſtill diſdaining

daining all that may interrupt her happineſs, am I to be conſidered as a criminal? My affection for Auguſta will never be ſubdued; but I knew that ſhe was to be your wife, and no thought of ſupplanting you, or of diſturbing her tranquillity, ever was in my mind:—no, I ſwear it! I ſuffered, but did not complain; and, finding the little alliance there was betwixt reaſon and paſſion, I had reſolved, on the morning of your marriage, to take an eternal farewel of her, and in ſome far diſtant place to mourn in ſecret that Warndorf's love was prior to Aſterley's."

"Friend,"

"Friend," cried Leopold, affected, "give me your pardon, and in exchange take mine. I have been miſtaken: I rely on your honour—let us therefore go back to the women."

"Never!" replied Aſterley; "my eye ſhall never more be turned on her; I have confeſſed my paſſion for her even to her lover, and at this moment both ſhe and her mother muſt be filled with a thouſand ſtrange ſuſpicions. God bleſs you, Warndorf! may you and your wife be eternally happy! I ſhall never more preſs your hand—never more hear the voice of Auguſta; yet, when far divided, I ſhall think that ſhe ſometimes ſpeaks

of

of me, and ſometimes, ſanctioned by her huſband, exclaims—"Poor Afterley!"

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Leopold, ſtruck by the force of the laſt often repeated words, "ſtay, friend—I entreat you to hear me!"

"It is too late, Warndorf; all my paſt viciſſitudes ſeem nothing when compared with this. Adieu!—I muſt unburthen my heart, or it will ſink irrecoverably."

He then releaſed himſelf from the hold of Leopold, and almoſt in a minute he had left the houſe.

Pained

Pained and aſtoniſhed, Leopold returned to his female friends, to whom he unreſervedly repeated the converſation and confeſſion of Aſterley. The concern, but not the ſurpriſe of Iſabella was great; Auguſta, however, was divided between pity and wonder, nor did ſhe affectedly attempt to conceal her true feelings.

It was evident that the young Engliſhman did not intend to ſee any of them again; for on the following day he ſent a letter to the woman of the houſe, charging her to take care of what things he had left behind him, and informing her that he ſhould retain her lodgings for two months longer

longer, but not reſide any part of the time in them.

Though Leopold was on the eve of the moſt happy events, he could not baniſh the recollection of the ſorrows of Aſterley, who appeared to be fated to endure almoſt all the miſeries known to human life, without participating any of the felicities which ſometimes pertain to it. He and Iſabella had ſeveral converſations on the ſubject, in which they ſpoke with equal feeling; but Auguſta was embarraſſed whenever the circumſtance was named to her, and though ſhe eſteemed and pitied the man, ſhe

wiſhed, if poſſible, wholly to withdraw her mind from him.

The day appointed for the marriage of Leopold and Auguſta was drawing very nigh, and they were making ſome arrangements for their departure for Germany; it was now become abſolutely neceſſary to apprize Baron Altenburg of his intention, and he prepared himſelf ſo to do, though the taſk ſeemed to him unpleaſant and embarraſſing.

On the morning he intended to open his deſigns, he walked ſlowly and thoughtfully towards the Baron's reſidence, and juſt as he came in ſight of

of it, Iſabella, in her diſguiſe, took hold of his arm, and ſilently led him to a coach that ſhe had, as uſual, retained.

He did not wonder that ſhe had been able to impoſe on Altenburg, as he could at firſt ſcarcely believe her to be the mother of Auguſta; for independent of her male attire, ſhe wore a large black covering on one of her eyes, and alſo hair very different in colour to her own. When they were both placed in the vehicle, Iſabella threw herſelf on the neck of Leopold. For a few minutes ſhe attempted to ſuppreſs her emotions, but they obſtinately forced their way,

and ſhe ſobbed loudly, while her tears fell faſt from her eyes. Leopold only preſſed her tenderly in his arms, giving her time to recover, and to ſpeak without being urged; and within a few minutes ſhe raiſed her head from his ſhoulder, and looked in his face.

"Warndorf!" ſhe cried, "I entreat you not to cenſure this weakneſs, and I would not have you think meanly of me for the ſorrow into which I have been led. My eyes muſt be cloſed by death, and afterwards opened by immortality, before I ſhall ſee Altenburg again. We ſhall meet no more on earth; the idol of my ſoul, the

the father of my child is, from this hour, ſeparated from me eternally! Eternally, Oh no—I will believe that one of the joys of the next world will be to dwell with him in friendſhip, in love, and in harmony. My ſoul will prepare for its pilgrimage of joy, Warndorf, while you and Auguſta ſhall be weeping for the apparent pangs of my body."

"Baniſh theſe melancholy thoughts," cried Leopold; "you will yet be happy with your children."

"Happy!—Yes, yes, it may be ſo. The virtues of you and my girl will effect all that can poſſibly be done for

me. I find myſelf, however, ſo much changed of late, I cannot but conſider that event, which muſt ever be as common as life, as faſt approaching. I once had health, an ardent ſpirit, a vigorous mind, and a well-fortified heart; ſome of them have fled, the others have been ſubdued. Well, well, I ſhall not reſiſt the inevitable decrees of ——"

"For Heaven's ſake, dear mother," cried Leopold, "for Heaven's ſake talk not thus deſpondingly! Will you inform me in what character you have lately paſſed with the Baron?"

"As

"As the brother of an unfortunate Italian Nobleman, with whom he was ſeveral years ſince intimately acquainted. To forward my project, I have diſſimulated, and ſpoken many untruths. Altenburg has, like an angel, pitied my feigned diſtreſſes; has given me money for my ſuppoſed neceſſities, which I ſhall return to him the day before our departure; and has often endeavoured to perſuade me to give him more of my company: but this requeſt I always refuſed with a plea which ſeemed to him ſufficient. Part of my face only I allowed him to ſee, attributing my covering of the other part to the loſs of one of my eyes by an accident. And even in thoſe mo-

ments, when I fondly viewed him as my once faithful Altenburg, as the father of my precious child, I did not forget my falſe accents. He believes that I am returning to Italy; he and his wife have given me their good wiſhes, and the late objects of my hate are become the objects of my love. Oh Altenburg! I thought it would be eaſy to deſpiſe thee; but my affection for thee will go even to the brink of my grave!"

The coach ſtopped, and Iſabella ſeemed to recal her powers; ſhe endeavoured to aſſume a compoſed countenance to meet her daughter with, and while ſhe was returning to

Auguſta

Auguſta, Leopold, affected by what he had ſeen and heard, again went towards the Baron's; but having witneſſed the diſtreſſes of Iſabella, he was too much diſcompoſed to mention his intentions; and after an intereſting diſcourſe with Altenburg, he withdrew.

On the following day, however, he entered into the ſubject, and ſpoke of his determination to leave England in the courſe of the enſuing week.

"I fear," he continued, "that your Lordſhip will be diſpleaſed with me for forming an engagement with you; but at the time I made it, I neither

foreſaw, nor ſoon expected, an important event, which is now likely to happen; an event which muſt be productive of the greateſt happineſs to me—I hope of felicities which will end but with my life."

"Marriage, my young friend?" ſaid Altenburg; ſmiling, "your fervour and animation, your voice and countenance, all lead me to conclude that it is ſo. Am I not right?"

"You are, my Lord. In the courſe of two days I ſhall be made the huſband of a lovely and excellent woman!"

"May you be truly happy!" cried Altenburg, preſſing him with hands which had once as tenderly preſſed poor Joſephine. "Is the object of your choice of England or of Germany?"

"Of Germany," replied Leopold, "to which country ſhe is impatient to return. As ſoon as our nuptials are celebrated, therefore, we ſhall embark, and probably never ſee England again."

"I will go with you to the altar; my wife ſhall attend on your bride, and the marriage feaſt ſhall be eaten in this houſe. I eſteem you much,

and I wiſh to be your friend, for you have long ſince found your way to my heart."

"Your Lordſhip is good—condeſcending—I am much obliged—But, after I am married, I cannot poſſibly ſee you again; we muſt never thereafter meet, neither in England nor in Germany. Look not diſpleaſed, my Lord; I ſhall ever think of you with a mutual eſteem—I would ſay with affection, did I not fear you would conſider the word as too free. But we muſt never meet—I regret that circumſtances forbid it; I mourn that I muſt neceſſarily be deprived of the pleaſure of ſeeing and converſing with

a man

a man whom I ſo truly reſpect, and for whoſe happineſs I ſhall ever wiſh."

"My happineſs!—Ah! that is never to be recalled!—Well, my myſterious tutor, you force me to think well of you; perhaps we may correſpond—is that prohibited?"

"And will you, my Lord, will you indeed condeſcend to write to me? I ſhall be happy, very happy in ſuch notice; for it is what I wiſhed to propoſe, and nothing but the fear of being thought preſumptuous, checked the requeſt which I was anxious to make."

"Your

"Your hand then," ſaid Altenburg; "I can be your friend, without prying into your ſecrets, and *will* be ſuch as long as you deſire it."

"For ever, for ever, my Lord!"

"With all my heart, provided without intercourſe it be poſſible. I will write to you from England, and alſo from Vienna on my return thither, which will be ſoon after my Chriſtiana's delivery. From your intimation, I conclude that you intend to dwell in retirement, otherwiſe I ſhould be deſirous of ſeeing you in ſome capacity which may be within the reach of myſelf, or of my friends.

I will

I will not take your adieu to-day; but to-morrow, as you wiſh, we will ſeparate. This ring, preſent it in my name to your wife, and tell her that he who ſends it, wiſhes her always to wear it with happineſs."

They ſoon after ſeparated: Leopold was glad to depart, as he began to be affected by the generoſity and tenderneſs of the Baron, who was not only ſurpriſed but alſo concerned by what he had liſtened to; for Leopold had grown in his favour, and was viewed by him with no common regard.

Myſterious as ſome part of Leopold's

pold's converſation had ſeemed, Altenburg was not however prejudiced by it; for he could place no doubt on the honour or integrity of his young friend, whoſe intended ſecluſion he imputed to the influence of that romantic ſpirit, in the blaze of which reaſon would ſometimes diſappear.

While Altenburg was ſpeaking to Chriſtiana of the loſs he was going to ſuſtain, Leopold was telling Iſabella and Auguſta of his late converſation, which was liſtened to by them with many different emotions. The ring was received with ecſtacy.

"It is the gift of my father," cried Auguſta, "of him, to whoſe breaſt I have

have a thouſand times been claſped—of him whom I have a thouſand times kiſſed! See, mother, what he ſends! It ſhall remain here for ever; it ſhall remain as a precious pledge even when my ſhroud ſhall be put on me!"

Leopold participated her joy, and her language was ſuch as he delighted to hear. Iſabella alſo ſmiled while the arms of her daughter enfolded her; but her ſmiles were ſickly, and ſhewed that they originated not in true pleaſure.

The time came when Leopold was to bid a laſt adieu to the Baron, to whom

whom he did not go till the evening, when he left Iſabella and his Auguſta buſy in preparing the ſimple bridal dreſs for the morrow. Altenburg received him with true kindneſs, and Chriſtiana expreſſed her regret that he was ſo ſoon to depart;—after ſtaying with him about half an hour, and bidding him a kind farewel, ſhe retired from the room, and left him with her Lord.

"I am as much concerned as the Baroneſs can be," ſaid Altenburg, "that you ſhould fly from us juſt as you had eſtabliſhed yourſelf in our favour; but wherever you go, I wiſh you happy, ſucceſsful, and content.

You

You offered yourſelf as my tutor; I wiſhed to make you my friend. I have received ſome advantages from your ſuperior talents; our agreement was a narrow one; this note will ſpeak what I wiſh to do better than my tongue."

"My Lord," replied Leopold, "I have been amply repaid by your notice, and nothing more can I accept. I have a ſufficiency for myſelf, and alſo for the woman who will to-morrow become my wife; more I do not wiſh for. You will therefore excuſe me if I decline your gift. Can I be of any ſervice to you in Germany, my Lord? Have you any packets which you

you may think proper to entruſt with me?"

"Yes, and I would propoſe two or three things: the firſt of which is, a travelling companion. There is an Italian gentleman who has lately made himſelf known to me; I have been affected by a recital of his misfortunes, and more ſo by a repetition of ſome particular events which were within his knowledge. I have felt his ſorrows, and he has, undeſignedly, made me more ſeverely feel my own. I learn that he is returning to Italy, and that ſome warm hopes induce him firſt to go to Vienna. I think you will find him ſenſible and intereſting;

reſting; and if you can make acquaintance with a melancholy man, I wiſh you to be a companion to him to Germany."

"I—I agree to it," ſaid Leopold, colouring; "a letter of introduction from your Lordſhip will—will be—"

"You ſhall have it, and indeed it is already written; I will alſo trouble you with theſe letters to my ſteward at Vienna, and this ſmall packet I could wiſh you to deliver perſonally to Count Stendal."

"To Count Stendal! With pleaſure. I ſhould have ſought for him myſelf,

myſelf, without any commiſſion from you, for there is no other man on earth whom I am ſo anxious to ſee."

"You aſtoniſh me!" cried Altenburg. "Why did you never tell me that you knew my excellent friend? for I love the Count as if he were my brother. Since I firſt ſaw you, I have mentioned your name in letters to him, and to one of them have received an anſwer; but it contained nothing concerning you which beſpoke any perſonal knowledge. You ſurpriſe me greatly!"

"Without explaining my motives," replied Leopold, "I confeſs that I firſt

firſt gave your Lordſhip a fictitious name; yet I am no criminal, and have nothing to bluſh at. I never ſaw Count Stendal but once, and even then he almoſt rent my heart aſunder. Had you named to him Leopold Warndorf, of ——"

"Oh God of heaven!" exclaimed Altenburg; "are you, are you Leopold Warndorf, the child of Joſephine?"

"I am—ſhe was my mother.—You, *you* know Joſephine?"

"Son—ſon—ſon!"

"Of

"Of Joſephine I know. What ails you? Why this emotion? Theſe tears—your eyes—are your ſenſes gone? Speak to me—if you have any reaſon, ſpeak to me!"

"Caſt me to the earth, and ſtab me!—No, no;—come to my heart, and bleſs your father! Do you not know me to be ſuch? My blood is guſhing from me; put your hand here, and ſtanch it."

"Trifle not with me—you cannot be my father—proofs, proofs!"

"You are my child, and for God's ſake do not diſown me! Forget the wrongs

wrongs of your mother, who is in heaven. You tortured me when you refuſed to liſten to Stendal. This myſterious meeting! You move not, you come not to me—There, I hold you now! I will not take my arms from your neck till you have bleſſed your father!"

"Away, away!" cried Leopold, almoſt with a ſhriek; "do you conſider me as the brother of Auguſta?"

"Of Auguſta! What do you know of Auguſta? Yes, yes, you are both my beloved children!"

"Then I accept your offer. You ſhall go with me to the altar to-morrow, and your wife ſhall attend my bride thither. You ſhall ſanction the union of me and my ſiſter; the prieſt ſhall do an act which is forbidden by God, on which you ſhall calmly look; and though the words be fair and holy, and the deed damnable, you, *you* ſhall ſmile, and ſay, Amen!"

"You rave—what do you mean?"

"The marriage feaſt ſhall be eaten in your houſe, and we will lie under the roof of our father; for in any other place the devils, who ſicken at all earthly

earthly joys, would in the dark hours abandon their native hell, and ſcream in our ears—"Inceſt! inceſt!"

"My brain catches at your madneſs! Son—Warndorf—recollect yourſelf, and ſpeak to me calmly."

"You are my father—you are the father of Auguſta—Iſabella and the Italian are one. Something of this I knew before, but not enough—not enough to ſave me from diſtraction. I and your daughter met by accident. Of what I am to her ſhe is ſtill ignorant; I knew it not till this moment. —Aye, tremble, and look pale. My fleſh and limbs are quivering! I love

Auguſta as dearly as one object can ever love another. To-morrow we were to have been married—were? and ſhall we not ſtill? Muſt I reſign her?—muſt I give her up? Never, never! All this ruin and miſery your crimes have effected. I will not believe myſelf your ſon—I will keep her ignorant of what may be true, and will yet marry her. I may be an object of Heaven's puniſhment, but ſhe never can; and in the next world —God!—my father will not allow us the hope of being happy even there!"

Altenburg fell ſpeechleſs and almoſt inſenſible on the floor; the voice of Leopold, who ruſhed out of the room, alarming

alarming the ſervants, immediate aſſiſtance was given to the fainting Baron; and his ſon went rapidly through the ſtreets, which were now dark, with ſcarcely reaſon enough to find the houſe that he had lately left.

He paſſed by the ſervant who admitted him, and running up the ſtairs, he ſought and burſt into the apartment where Iſabella and Auguſta were ſtill ſitting. He caught the hand of the former, and preſſed it to his lips.

"Mother, farewel!" he cried; "a long, an eternal farewel to you, dear mother!"

Iſabella was terrified by his words and by his countenance, and ſhe ſtrove to hold him; but he put her hands from him, and, with viſible agony and diſtraction, ſtrained Auguſta to his breaſt.

"This is my laſt embrace," he cried, "this is my laſt kiſs; theſe are the laſt moments my eyes will reſt on you. Beloved Auguſta! bleſſed ſiſter! burn your bridal ornaments, for I could as well and as happily gaze on your burial clothes. Fate has ſent a ſearching dart at me, and I am the moſt accurſed being in the world. Bleſs you! bleſs you!"

"Oh,

"Oh, for God's ſake ſtay, dear Leopold!" cried Auguſta.

"Away, dear girl, come not near me. I am agonized, diſtracted. Oh this Baron—this Baron! Take your arms from me: if you recal my love, you may perhaps make me act with diſſimulation, which would afterwards doom me to purgatory. Adieu!—Another kiſs! There—the world muſt be conſumed before we meet again!"

He inſtantly diſappeared, and Auguſta, ſhrieking, caſt herſelf into the arms of her affrighted mother, who was ſcarcely ſtrong enough to ſupport her. Their imaginations were

equally disturbed; and though Augusta could no longer see Warndorf, she almost raved for his return. Neither of them on that night took any rest; they watched vainly for the re-appearance of Leopold; three days however passed over, and he came not to them, but on the fourth, and after many strange suspicions had pained their minds, they received from him the letter which is transcribed beneath.

"Before me lies the far extended ocean; the vessel in which I shall within an hour embark, I see surrounded

rounded by the agitated waters; and the wind, though it points not againſt us, is growing in its fury. Friends of my ſoul! were the hazard an hundred times as great, and if the waves were to aim at touching the heavens, ſtill I would be gone. I muſt fly from you. At a diſtance I muſt ſtrive to eraſe from my heart the images ſet up in it by an unhappy love; and by ſome means, which are yet unknown to me, endeavour to ſuppreſs a paſſion which I bear for my ſiſter.

"Auguſta, I have made a ſtrange diſcovery. Oh that I had ever remained ignorant of what has been

revealed, then we might have been happy indeed! It is only common reaſoning to ſay that there can be no criminality in us, if we neither feel the conſciouſneſs of guilt ourſelves, nor raiſe it in the minds of others. We had been bleſſed and virtuous without the interpoſition which has lately diſtracted me. You are the daughter of Baron Altenburg, and—I am his ſon. This diſcoveryof my father was not made till the day previous to that on which I was to have married my ſiſter. Fate was a moſt ingenious foe to us, and I have curſed her in every hour ſince the commencement of her machinations.

"Oh,

"Oh, what hopes have I indulged! What beautiful pictures have been ſketched and tinted by my imagination!—Away all that is pleaſant, all that is delightful! Anguiſh now is my companion. Auguſta, as a bride, ſhould have warmed my heart; but to deſpair I am indiſſolubly united. I would talk of our father, whom I ſometimes pity, and ſometimes execrate. My tongue, however, can ſcarcely ſpeak his name, and the ſinews of my arm contract when I attempt to write it. Altenburg! thou haſt been a cruel ſcourge to me, and to all thoſe whom I moſt love and reverence; yet, as a ſtranger, I eſteemed and reſpected thee; as a ſon—Oh! I

ſhall grow wild if I dwell on a topic like this!

"Haſten, dear friends, from England, and I entreat that neither of you will attempt to ſee the Baron any more. I muſt not, for a conſiderable time, appear before you again—I feel I muſt not; Philoſophy forbids it—but if my mind can be ſoothed, and my heart new modelled by her precepts, I will return when I am confident of my own ſtrength—return to Iſabella and to Auguſta, and be to the one of them a dutiful ſon, to the other an affectionate brother.

"I con-

"I conjure you to depart from England immediately. I wiſh you to retire to my native village, and in the evenings of ſummer, Auguſta may muſe among the ſhades of the foreſt which was once dear to Leopold, and to which, in ſome twilight hour, he may come back with the calm ſteps and reſignation of a pilgrim. If ſuch a moment ever ſhall be, ſpeed it, Eternal Father, and let the preſent agonies of my ſoul ſubſide, and be forgotten! Oh! my reaſonings and my feelings are ſtrangely at variance, and my feigned reſolution is mocked by my tears!

"Be

"Be ſtronger than Leopold, Auguſta, and ſooth the agitated ſpirits of your mother, whoſe pangs, I know, will be as ſevere as your own. Adieu, ſweet girl! dear ſiſter!—Adieu beloved mother! My only hope is that we ſhall meet hereafter in domeſtic peace. I will write to you, Auguſta, again in the courſe of a month, and ſhall addreſs you at the place I have mentioned, to which, once more, I entreat you to haſten. You ſhall know where I am wandering; you ſhall judge of the ſtate of my heart; and when you ſhall think, by the characters of my letters, that I may with prudence be recalled, only ſay to me —'Return, dear brother; the heart of

your

your ſiſter is full of wiſhes to be near to you!'—Say only this, and I will fly from whatever ſolitude I may then be concealed in, to meet the boſom of my precious ſiſter.

"*Leopold Warndorf.*"

It is a faſhion with ſome writers, particularly of that claſs which is often, by dulneſs and affected wiſdom, ſneeringly called ſtorymongers, to take leave of their readers moſt abruptly; and there are others among them who, for different purpoſes relating merely to themſelves, will carry

carry a tale beyond the intereſt which may have been at firſt excited, and cauſe their wounded ſnakes to crawl languidly and offenſively in the paths from which the tired imagination is anxious to depart. Both of theſe modes are pretty general; and if the author of the preceding ſheets ſhould, in ſome circles, be thought to cloſe the following ones rather too precipitately, he truſts that among his readers there will not be wanting thoſe who will deem his plan more judicious than if his ſtory had been lengthened by a yeſty volume.

It was not deſigned that Melpomone ſhould direct the concluding ſcene

ſcene of this little drama, though ſhe is the beſt beloved muſe of the writer Having ſaid this, anticipation ſtretches no further; but it is entreated by him who muſt conſequently be moſt intereſted, that the peruſal may be continued through the few ſubſequent pages.

Iſabella and her daughter were aſtoniſhed and agonized by the letter of Leopold; the paſſions of the former burſt forth with their accuſtomed violence, and the firſt attack that grief made on the latter had nearly proved fatal to her. The circumſtances which

which then came to their knowledge, almoſt ſeemed to exceed credibility; ſtill they could not doubt the truth of them. Iſabella would not again dare to truſt herſelf with the Baron; and her unhappy child urged her to attend to Leopold's requeſt, and alſo to ſail by the firſt veſſel; to which, without a ſcruple, ſhe conſented.

Their voyage was quick; during the time they were on the water, the arms of the one were ſcarcely an hour from the neck of the other; and the boſom of Iſabella caught many a tear which ſhe could neither baniſh nor reprove.

With

With all poſſible ſpeed they went forward according to Leopold's directions. When they arrived at the place of their deſtination, they found a ſmall neat reſidence provided for them, and alſo a letter from their beloved friend, who had arrived with an expedition equal to their own, and departed from thence as ſoon as he had prepared for their accommodation.

His epiſtle was tender and affecting, but it boaſted not of a fortitude even equal to that which he had written to them in England; nature ſpoke in it oftener than philoſophy, which cauſed the ſighs of Iſabella, and the tears

tears of Auguſta to be more frequent and oppreſſive. The latter carried it in her boſom, and many times, breaking from her mother, would ſhe retire to the particular ſpots which Leopold had, with a pleaſing remembrance, mentioned to her, where ſhe would uninterruptedly weep over the ſorrows of herſelf and of her unhappy brother.

The rigours of winter had been ſucceeded by a moſt lovely ſpring, and the various treaſures of a ſtill later ſeaſon were beginning to ſhew themſelves in every ſunny day. They continued to hear from Leopold very frequently, but there was for a conſiderable time, a ſtrange irregularity in his

his letters; afterwards, however, reaſon and prudence grew ſtronger within him, and in autumn he ſent his ſiſter a full narrative of his wanderings, which was generally written with apparent calmneſs, and almoſt entirely diveſted of thoſe characters which had before ſo greatly alarmed Auguſta, to whom his growing philoſophy was a neceſſary leſſon.

She became more happy and compoſed, and was anxious to recal her beloved brother in the manner his firſt letter had intimated; but her mother, though not leſs deſirous than herſelf of ſeeing him, oppoſed it for the preſent, as ſhe had more ſeriouſly reflected

reflected on the qualities of the alien's ſoul, than ever her daughter had done.

They had now been ſeven months in Germany, and another having followed, the deſpoiler of Nature's beauties began, in a voice of hoarſeneſs, to announce his determined approach. Iſabella's health was ſomewhat impaired, and Auguſta noticed it with great concern; ſhe was, however, deſired to check her apprehenſions, and her mother, whoſe diſorder aroſe in the mind, ſpoke of it with ſeeming indifference.

One

One evening they returned from walking in the foreſt, which was ſtrewed with the fallen leaves; and as they entered their houſe, the ſervant delivered a note to Auguſta, which haſtily opening, ſhe found to contain the following words.

"Tremble not, dear girl, when I tell you that I am but a little diſtance from you. Separation is no longer neceſſary, for I would live with you as a friend and relation. Without your permiſſion I will not approach; but ſend it, and in the courſe of an hour Leopold and Auguſta ſhall meet."

"Mother!"

"Mother!" ſhe cried, in a manner which at once ſpoke both joy and pain, "mother!"

"Let him come to us inſtantly," ſaid Iſabella; "my excellent, my beloved Warndorf!"

Auguſta ran to a table, and quickly wrote—"Return, dear brother, the heart of your ſiſter is full of wiſhes to be near to you!"—With this the meſſenger departed. Iſabella was agitated, and the breath of Auguſta was nearly gone. They ſcarcely ſpoke to each other afterwards, and their eyes were fixed upon the door, which was in leſs than the time that had been mentioned;

mentioned, opened by the expected Leopold, who ruſhed forward, and enfolded them both in his arms.

Neither of the young people could command any words, and even the firmer Iſabella was, for a conſiderable time, neceſſarily ſilent; at length, however, ſhe interpoſed between her children and their ſenſibilities, and welcomed Leopold with a ſmile, which ſhe wiſhed to ſee ſpread upon his own pale face. His countenance confeſſed to her that he had ſuffered much; but ſhe found that his mind had not excluded the rays of reaſon, and that the conqueſt over his once

ſtrong paſſions had been a noble one. He did not ſpeak directly of his diſappointments, nor did he allude to his father, the principal author of them; ſtill he had wiſhes in his heart which he dared not to reveal, and which, he was aſſured, muſt be baniſhed from thence before happineſs could again take its ſtation in his boſom, or the hue of health be diſcoverable on his cheek. The look of regret which he firſt caſt on Auguſta was indeed forcible; but he ſeemed to reprove himſelf for it, and alſo to be afterwards guided by the beſt inſtincts of affection and of kindred.

After

After the firſt half hour was paſſed, he much ſurpriſed his friends, by telling them that he had an acquaintance waiting for him at a little diſtance.

Retiring for a while, he returned, and, to the aſtoniſhment of Iſabella and Auguſta, he was accompanied by Aſterley, by whom they were informed that he and Leopold had lately by chance met at Hamburgh. This ſingular event he did not further account for; and a deep bluſh was on his face, while he acknowledged thus much to Auguſta, who, amid all her pleaſures, felt an embarraſſment from which ſhe could have wiſhed to be freed.

Aſterley had given her true information. From the miſtreſs of the houſe that he had ſo abruptly left, he learned ſome of the particulars which have been related. When his aſtoniſhment had decreaſed, his love grew ſtill ſtronger on the intelligence; the ſorrows of his friend, and his own ſecret hopes alternately pained and pleaſed him; and knowing the caſe of Leopold to be unalterable, he indulged an expectation which was a reſtorative to his languid ſpirits.

He was ſorry that he had not been earlier apprized of that extraordinary event, as he did not return to his lodgings for upwards of five months; but

but the world containing no other object ſo dear to him as Auguſta, he reſolved to ſeek her immediately in Germany, and in ſome proper ſeaſon to expreſs to her thoſe ſentiments which the impetuoſity and reſentment of Leopold had, on a former occaſion, drawn from him. He was an adventurer, whoſe heart was often cheered by hope, and often ſaddened by apprehenſion. He embarked for Hamburgh; but owing to the neceſſity of putting back again, and to the ſhifting of the wind after he had a ſecond time left the harbour, the voyage was long almoſt beyond example.

The meeting between him and Leopold, which happened the third day after he had diſembarked, was regarded by both of them as ſomewhat extraordinary; and from his altered friend, who had been nearly a fortnight at Hamburgh, Aſterley found that he had not been miſinformed, and alſo that Leopold would no longer oppoſe him as a lover, but willingly take him by the hand, and give him the name of brother. Leopold was now very deſirous of his recal;—ſtill ſore with thoſe wounds which had been made by the rod of affliction, he entreated the young Engliſhman not to ſpeak too often of the paſt occurrences: they travelled together from

from Hamburgh to the reſidence o Iſabella, and the unexpected meeting, has been already deſcribed.

They again formed a family, as they had done in England. The winter lingered, and ſpring ſucceeded; and while the foreſt was ſtill blooming with flowers, and the cheeks of Leopold were again collecting their former tints, Aſterley took Auguſta as a bride to the altar. Iſabella ſmiled upon the union, and the ſurpliced prieſt was not more devout than Leopold. He ſeemed, all the time they were in the houſe of holineſs, to be imploring the bleſſings of the Power to whoſe ſervice it was dedi-

cated; and when the ceremony was over, he preſſed the hand of the huſband, and kiſſed the cheek of the bride, ſaying—"God bleſs thee, brother! God bleſs thee, ſiſter!"

* * * * *

Poetical juſtice certainly does not demand the ſacrifice which is going to be made; but as the happineſs of two perſons muſt ever be preferred to that of one, and ſuppoſing truth is intended to apply to ſome particular parts of this narrative, the original deſign will be executed.

How melancholy would it be to believe that Virtue meets all her rewards on this ſide of the grave! It

is

is known, and often ſeen, that her garments are poor, even to beggary; that ſhe is pained by hunger, and ſhrivelled by cold; and that, if ſhe could deck herſelf with the gems of the Eaſt, the heart which ſhe carries within her boſom, muſt ſometimes be a mere receptacle of pains and miſeries. The mind, to be perfectly content, muſt travel beyond the limitations of human life; the chief conſolation lies in the thereafter; and whatever it is, he who expects leaſt muſt, comparing the coming with the paſt, look for things vaſt and infinite.

Thou, Chriſtiana, haſt diſcovered them, for on thy fair and innocent

breaſt there is a weight which will not be removed till all thy beauties ſhall have been mingled with the duſt.

The Baroneſs died in England, and the child which ſhe bore periſhed ſoon after its mother. Altenburg ſtood deſpairingly by the ſide of her bed; but when he ſaw her departing, he cried—"Wife! Chriſtiana! look at me again!—Live, live, dear wife, and be happy!"—She made a laſt effort, and threw one of her arms, the other being lifeleſs, around his neck; no dying ſaint ever ſmiled more heavenly. She touched him with her lips, and faintly articulating—"I am happy!" ſhe ſunk gently down, and never roſe again!

Altenburg

Altenburg ſeemed ſtill deſirous of perſuading himſelf that ſhe was not dead. He preſſed her wriſt, he laid his hand near her heart, but he did not touch a ſingle active nerve. He put his mouth to her lips, from which no breath iſſued, and he gazed on her eyes, in which he read a ſtrange and full confirmation that they would never open again. It was a ſhriek rather than a groan that then paſſed from him; he ſunk, giddy and inſenſible, by the ſide of the corpſe, from which the attendants ſoon removed him; and it was a conſiderable time before the ſenſe of his miſery again returned to torture him. Mrs. Gardiner could afford him but little con-

ſolation; ſhe was herſelf too much afflicted to diſcourſe on fortitude and reſignation, for ſhe had loved her niece with the tendereſt affection, and now mourned her diſſolution with the deepeſt regret.

Chriſtiana, it ſeemed, had entertained ſome manner of preſentiment of her fate; and though ſhe was unwilling to alarm her beloved huſband, ſhe had, on the day preceding her death, requeſted that her remains, in caſe ſhe was deſtined to fall ſo early, might be conveyed to Germany, and depoſited in the vault that had been erected for her parents. Altenburg afterwards executed this melancholy

buſineſs: his adieu to Mrs. Gardiner beſpoke his agony; he hung over the ſhell that contained the body till his arrival at his own country; and having laid the corpſe in the cold family receſs, he fled from ſociety and loquacious pity!

Six months, apparently lengthened to years by melancholy, he paſſed without hailing a ſingle friend; in the beginning of the ſeventh, however, his reſpected Stendal was near his heart; and as the Count, his wife, and his family remained ſome conſiderable time with him, they ſerved greatly to amend the diſſonance of his mind. But after they parted, his ſpirits were

again

again depreſſed, and the energies ſeemed to have flown beyond recal.

Chriſtiana had been dead a twelve-month, and he ſtill thought of her loſs with extreme ſorrow; other objects, however, now began to be equally dear to his memory. Many painful ideas had often dwelt upon Iſabella and his children—ideas which it was almoſt madneſs to harbour, and difficult to baniſh; and he wiſhed it poſſible that a re-union between him and the dear companion of many of his happier years could be effected. But he feared that his tranſgreſſions and ſins had been too many: Iſabella could never love him again—Auguſta could

could never forgive him—and his conduct towards his ſon had perhaps driven him to commit ſome act of deſperation.

Such were his apprehenſions, and they long deterred his purpoſe; at length, however, he enquired for Iſabella, of whom he could learn nothing: it then remained for him to ſeek for his ſon. The village was the only place to which he could direct himſelf, and on repairing thither, to his ſurpriſe, he diſcovered that it contained all thoſe for whom he was ſeeking.

It was early day when he arrived at

at the hamlet; and before noon, as he was ſitting at the window of the inn, he ſaw his ſon go by, roſy, beautiful, and blooming. "Warndorf!" he cried. He ſtarted up, he threw out his arms, and attempted to follow; but his limbs grew weak, he panted, his heart beat violently, and he ſunk down again, blinded by the quick flood of his tears.

In leſs than half an hour he alſo ſaw Auguſta treading the path that Leopold had left behind; ſhe was ſmiling on the handſome Afterley, who bore in his arms a cherub, fair and ſweet as its mother had been in her infancy.

Altenburg's

Altenburg's eyes followed them into a meadow at ſome little diſtance, where they were ſoon joined by Warndorf. They all ſat down on a green bank; the child was paſſed from the arms of one of them to another; Afterley toſſed it in the air, and Leopold playfully wove a wreath of wild flowers, and twined it around the laughing ſprite, who ſoon after clung to the milky breaſt of its mother.

"Theſe are my children," cried Altenburg, "and yet I muſt not embrace them; theſe are my children, yet they would all diſown and execrate their father!"

He

He was nearly choked and blinded by his paſſions; but he looked again on the happy group; he felt a growing reſolution; he left the houſe, and ſtealing ſoftly behind the hedge, ſoon arrived near the ſpot where they were ſtill ſitting. They all were ſmiling on the child, who laughed while he banquetted, and put forth one of his ſnowy arms to his father and uncle, while he exultingly retained the yielding nipple between his roſy lips.

The heart of Altenburg was burſting. He forced the fence, ruſhed forward with rapidity, and at the time he threw his head into the lap of his daughter, he alſo ſeized the hand of his

his ſon, and drew it to his breaſt.—"Now," he cried, "now for the final curſe, or healing bleſſing! Daughter, is it love, or everlaſting hate? Son, you muſt now either free my heart from miſery, or deprive it of every buoyant hope for ever! Speak, ſpeak, dear children!"

Neither of them *could* ſpeak—Auguſta gave the babe to Aſterley; a ſtrange broken ſound iſſued from her mouth, and ſhe threw herſelf on the neck of her father. The countenance of Leopold grew pale; he roſe, ſtaggering, from the ground, his arms mingled with thoſe of his ſiſter, and the

the faces of both were hidden in the breaſt of Altenburg.

There was a pauſe of ſeveral minutes, broken only by their ſobs. When the father raiſed his head, one of his children kiſſed him with love and rapture; and when he ſtretched forth his hand, the other preſſed it fervently, and ſhed filial tears upon it. All was forgiven, reſentment was not named—love, eternal love, was vowed by the parent and by his offspring.

The diſcovery was, within a few hours, made by Auguſta to her mother, whoſe fortitude had ſcarcely ever, on any occaſion, been ſo much affected; her

her paſſions roſe not with violence; ſhe wept while ſhe ſaid that a re-union could never take place, and mournfully begged that ſhe might not be urged to it. Auguſta was kneeling before, and pleading to her, when Leopold entered, and having carried his ſiſter out of the room, he returned with Altenburg, and placed the weeping Iſabella in his arms.

"Mother!" he cried, "I have ſworn to bury all enmity, and to live with my father as kindred ſhould live, loving and beloved. The completion of our happineſs depends on you alone; you can harmonize every thing that has ſounded like diſcord; do it, therefore

therefore—do it, dear mother, and God's bleſſings will thereafter ſhine over our heads like ſummer clouds."

He then left them; but in the courſe of an hour, and accompanied by his ſiſter and by her huſband, he returned; when he found that a tender reconciliation had been effected, and that the Church was to ſanction the renewed loves of Altenburg and Iſabella.

Their embraces were repeated.—Altenburg, in the name of God, bleſſed his daughter, her Aſterley, and their infant; he kiſſed, with delightful emotions, the cheek of his beloved Iſabella, and in the arms of Leopold, and while his

his eyes were fixed on the beautiful face of his ſon, he murmured—"Oh my dear boy, this pleaſure, though late, is delightful! From this hour I will neither yield thee to, nor be ſeparated from thee by any power except that to which we all muſt yield!"

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